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IN their reply to the peace overture of Germany the Allied governments have failed to make the best use of their opportunity. Inasmuch as it was intended, like the original German note, to influence public opinion at home and abroad rather than to arrange a basis for subsequent negotiations, it needed to be adroit in the presentation of the case of the Allies and eloquent in its statement of their grievances. But it was neither adroit nor eloquent. Like so many of their political and military enterprises, it is partly vitiated by its composite origin. It bears evidence of divided counsels and of some infirmity of purpose, and it is injured by the unfortunate ease with which the same idea can assume different meanings in different languages. The object of the Allied governments in preparing the document should have been, as far as possible, to increase their support in neutral countries, to divide public opinion in Central Europe and to quicken the fighting spirit in Russia, France and Great Britain. It accomplishes none of these objects. It certainly will not win additional support from tired or wavering neutrals. It will do nothing to increase the embarrassment which the attitude of the Austrian and Bulgarian cabinets and the temper of his own people may be causing the German Chancellor. It will not give any increasing momentum and volume to the tide of conviction which makes Russians, Frenchmen and Englishmen willing to continue the war. It is a perfunctory document, which disarms no misgivings and intensifies no enthusiasms. It leaves the case of the Allies as weak and as strong as before it was written.

THE strength of the document consists consequently in the strength of the original case. Considering the way in which the war started, and the justifiable resentment and apprehensions created by the violation of Belgium, it would have meant utter moral bankruptcy for the Allies to enter into a peace conference on the invitation of Germany without some assurance of restitution and all practicable reparation. They must fight for some such preliminary concessions, as long as there is any fight left in them, and a friendly government which brought pressure on them to begin negotiations without a promise of restitution would be gravely damaging the cause of international order. Once a great public wrong, such as the violation of Belgium, which destroys the very roots of international security and good faith, has been committed, and its commission has profoundly revolted the conscience of the world, adequate satisfaction for the outrage must subsequently be obtained. As long as Germany refuses to consider Belgium and northern France as properly the object of special treatment in the treaty of peace, no negotiations can be begun. The great object of the propaganda of the Allies should be to bring home to the German people that their sufferings are caused by an act of violent aggression, that the suffering will continue as long as any attempt is made to profit by violence, but that it may well cease as soon as they are willing to repair the damage. The joint note of the Allied governments did not make the last point as sufficiently clear. It left ambiguous

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the meaning and the scope of the "penalties" which they would try to exact from Germany—"penalties" which might easily be used as the excuse for the treatment of Germany as a perpetual suspect, no matter whether she makes restitution and offers guaranties for the future or not. But the bumptious and aggressive spirit of the original German note supplied them with a sufficient excuse for considering themselves on the defensive, and for demanding as a condition of negotiation an express refusal by Germany to profit by its own violence.

THE net result of this exchange of political pamphlets between the belligerents is negligible. The war of words like the war of armies is so far a stalemate. Germany has accomplished little or nothing by her overture. She has not strengthened her case with the neutral nations because she was unwilling to conciliate their dislike of her past conduct or to give any real assurances for the future. For the same reason she failed to divide the Allied governments one from another or from their own people. She may have done something to reconcile Germans and Austrians to an indefinite continuation of the war, but she cannot have done much—certainly not enough to justify so much hullabaloo. If she wants to accomplish anything, a new beginning will have to be made under rather less favorable conditions. The incident would be closed were it not for the participation in the business of the President of the United States. As we pointed out last week, he still has an opportunity of turning the very differences among the belligerents into useful propaganda for an ultimately just settlement. He can prepare the way for more fruitful negotiations by bringing out more clearly the probabilities and conditions of future agreement.

RARELY in the long history of the misappropriation of government funds has so much indignation been aroused by an example of congressional log-rolling for district graft as in the case of the pending Public Buildings bill. Because of the exposure, the bill is certain to be very much modified or to fail. If it is passed in anything like its present form the President will certainly veto it. But while this result is satisfactory, it is not enough. The country needs some protection against the repetition of such offenses. River and Harbor and Public Building bills have been exposed again and again; but all the exposure does is to prevent the passage of one bill in one Congress, or to result in the deletion of a few of the more outrageous items. A new method of drawing the legislation which authorizes appropriations for public buildings has long been needed, but the great difficulty is at present the lack of any sufficient consensus of opinion as to the character of the desirable system. The American Institute of Architects at its last meeting recommended, consequently, the creation of an expert commission to study the problem and report to Congress the outline of a public building policy. The recommendation is admirable; but it will not be adopted by Congress except as the result of severe and prolonged pressure. There is no part of the system of congressional privilege which congressmen will surrender more reluctantly than the opportunity which they now possess of proving their legislative value to their constituents in stone and mortar. They need conspicuous architecture in their business almost as much as a millionaire needs conspicuous waste.

BEFORE adjourning for the holiday recess Congress was in session for three weeks. During this time 556 bills were introduced in the Senate and 1667 in the House. The character of these bills is shown in this table:

	Senate	House
Private, or local, bills—		
Pensions	396	1,207
Local improvements	22	94
Claims	34	103
Changing military records	5	17
Miscellaneous local bills	45	102
Public, or national, bills	54	144
	556	1,667

In making this analysis the benefit of the doubt has been given to the introducer whenever a question arose as to whether a bill should be listed as private or public. Probably half of the bills recorded as public were presented primarily for political effect. During the last session, when it became apparent that a child-labor bill could pass Congress, there was a general rush to new standards and a large number of almost identical bills were introduced in time for home consumption. In the present session the race has been to attack the high cost of living. Bills that were presented on the opening day of the session were re-introduced later on, with only slight changes in diction. Though the majority of cost-of-living measures varied only in length they have all been included as public bills in the classification given above.

EVEN so, the public bills amounted to only nine per cent of the total number introduced. Ninety-one per cent were concerned with strictly private or local matters. Though the questions of industrial relationship must soon be answered almost no attention was given to them. There were three times as many bills "authorizing the

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Secretary of War to donate to the city of —— a condemned bronze cannon and complete set of cannon balls," as there were bills touching on the whole question of social integration. There was a bill to print 2,000 copies of the soil survey of Tift County, Georgia, and another to waive the marriage qualification in the appointment of John J. Maher to a second-lieutenancy, but no mention of an executive budget; a bill to improve a highway near an Asylum for Insane Indians, but none to improve the rules governing Congress. This ninety-one per cent of bills was not only local and political, but not even legislative. The awarding of pensions, the erection of public buildings, the settlement of claims, and the correction of military records are administrative functions and not matters for lawmaking. If the Court of Claims and the Pension Department are incompetent organs, then it is the business of Congress to reconstruct them. But with the actual awarding of pensions and the settlement of claims Congress has no legitimate concern. As for public buildings and other local improvements, the sooner they are placed in the hands of an administrative commission the sooner Congress will cease to be an assembly of community attorneys.

IF the local bills introduced during the pre-holiday session were equally divided, each senator would be sponsor for about five and each representative for four. But some congressmen did not present any measures of this kind, and others only a few. Those who introduced more than twenty local bills were the following:

Senator	*State*	*Party*	*No. of Bills*
Watson	Indiana	Republican	59
Johnson	Maine	Democrat	50
Curtis	Kansas	Republican	36
Penrose	Pennsylvania	Republican	27
Sherman	Illinois	Republican	22
Representative			
Russell	Missouri	Democrat	32
Powers	Kentucky	Republican	29
Park	Georgia	Democrat	29
Ricketts	Ohio	Republican	28
Shouse	Kansas	Democrat	28
Overmyer	Ohio	Democrat	27
Ramseyer	Iowa	Republican	22
Rauch	Indiana	Democrat	22
Ayres	Kansas	Democrat	20
Sutherland	West Virginia	Republican	20

ENGLISHMEN are quite properly agreed in demanding of the treaty of peace some efficient security against future aggression, but they differ radically as to the methods whereby this security is to be obtained. The majority of those who write about the subject insist on what they call "material guaranties" which when translated into concrete terms means an emasculation of Germany's military power so complete that after the peace she will become comparatively negligible in the councils of Europe. There was a time when a magazine like the *Round Table* seemed to favor the application of this method of guaranteeing security for the future, and its adherence to the doctrine was the more discouraging because it is the mouthpiece of a group of political thinkers who are liberal, moderate, and peculiarly interested in the technical problems of international organization. In its last issue, however, it expressly rejects the idea that a redistribution of the balance of power in favor of the Allies would result in increased security, or should constitute one of the essential conditions of peace. It says, "We shall only hinder lasting peace if we attempt to give permanent security to the settlement by depriving Germany by military means of her freedom as a member of the comity of nations....The true course is to depart entirely from the militarist creed by resting the permanence of peace not on a combination of Powers whose main purpose is directed against Germany but by massing an overwhelming preponderance of force behind a new code of public right, which shall embody the essentials of a just peace." This definition of the fundamental condition of peace is all that the most exigent believer in the necessity of placing some provision for general security in the treaty of peace could demand. American opinion would be much relieved if the speeches of members of the French, British or Russian governments sometimes breathed a similar spirit.

THE news that Premier Radoslavoff, speaking in answer to the opposition in the Bulgarian Parliament, assured the deputies that "the essential part of Bulgaria's task in the war is done," and that "all German and Austrian officers in Bulgaria are subservient to the Bulgarian command," came simultaneously with the formal announcement of Turkey in which that nation repudiated the treaties of 1856 and 1878 and stated that "the Ottoman Empire has definitely abandoned its somewhat subordinate position under the collective guardianship of the Great Powers which some of the latter were interested in maintaining." The evidence grows that German domination in the countries of its Allies has become so strong and pronounced as to awaken the ever-present discontented elements. If open misgivings can come to a head even during the stress of wartime, if Austria-Hungary can be said practically to have forced the hand of Germany in the recent peace move, what will be the difficulties of organization which

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these countries will present to German genius when peace has come? If the present alignment of allies continues on the side of the Central Powers, every bit of German resource and statesmanship may be called into play by the economic and political problems of Middle Europe. Even Charles Francis starts his career with no assurance that he will be a puppet in the hands of the diplomatists from Wilhelmstrasse. The announcement on his coronation that he intends to spend six months of the year in Budapest and six months in Vienna is not comforting to those small nationalists who hoped for the speedy disintegration of the "patchquilt" empire on the death of the old king.

PRESIDENT JOHN GRIER HIBBEN of Princeton has talked again to an interviewer. We quote the key phrases: "most momentous year—fraught with danger—spiritually bankrupt—behooves each of us—peril of prosperity—manifest obligations—enervating influences—a brief time at best to play our part—my idea of patriotism is one of sacrifice—Revolution—Civil war—Americans....were simpler, hardier—arraying of class against class—utter selfishness brazenly voiced—callous to outrages and barbarities—capacity for righteous indignation—long list of atrocities—Lusitania is forgotten—emasculated sentimentality—fighting for fundamental principles—giving up their very life-blood—unreflecting emotionalism—every right-thinking man—sacrifice our national honor—full restoration and reparation—deeds—prize honor above comfort—false to God and man." Phrases like these, if left to themselves, will automatically breed to any desired length. Why should not our college presidents renounce this elaboration to Mr. Perkins and the freshmen, and devote their minds to bringing the emotion under such words into some relation with reality?

NOT in Dostoevsky's "House of the Dead" is this description of prison conditions, but in the report of an Illinois state official: "Nineteen of Chicago's forty-six jails are underground, and through eleven run open sewers. In one jail, the men, the women, the insane, and the prisoners' food are held in one row and the sewer runs the length of the row. When the sewers overflow, the floors are flooded. Rats and vermin are numerous. The men sleep on planks. If there are more than two men in a cell they must lie on the floor beside the open sewer. Sometimes eight or ten are put in the same small cell." According to the same report, the county jails throughout Illinois are equally well adapted for making great criminals out of little ones. They are dark, damp, ill smelling caves, too small for any separation of the different classes of prisoners. As an inevitable result, the jail becomes the feeder for the penitentiary. But not only Illinois is guilty. The state of county jails throughout the nation has warranted Amos Butler, former president of the American Prison Association, in saying: "We seem to have dedicated one institution in every county to the propagation of idleness, viciousness, and crime." When will the legislatures realize that it is better public economy to use jails as means of arresting the growth of crime than as schools for the fostering of it?

"IN art there can be nothing new but what is ugly." Mrs. Florence Earle Coates, who said this to an interviewer, said a little later, "In art there can be nothing new." Many who will dislike the first sentence will not dislike the second. It suggests that perhaps Mrs. Coates does not really believe the Parthenon was ugly when it was built, or that Shakespeare, Cézanne and the Woolworth Tower were present bodily in the Garden of Eden. Perhaps one could show Mrs. Coates that what she thinks is new and therefore ugly, is in essence not new at all and is therefore beautiful. But why did not Mrs. Coates try once more, and shorten her sentence to read, "There can be nothing new"? That would have meant at once everything and nothing. It would have shown a commendable intention not to appraise art according to its oldness or newness. It would have given more credibility to Mrs. Coates's verdict of "ugly," pronounced against modern art.

The Opposition Gathers

ADVOCATES of American participation in a League to Enforce Peace have been disquieted recently by certain reports published in the daily newspapers respecting Mr. Wilson's attitude towards the program of the League. The President, it is declared, is not committed to the idea of placing physical force behind the authority of the rule which is intended to make international aggression disreputable. He is in favor of a league to "underwrite" or "insure" peace by visiting some kind of official reprobation on its unauthorized disturber, but he is said to be opposed to any treaty or arrangement which would oblige this country to back up its official protest by military or commercial coercion. His assertion "that no nation can hereafter be neutral in respect to a disturber of the world's peace for an object which the world's opinion cannot sanction" is to be interpreted merely as the repudiation of moral neutrality. Both the government of the United States

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and its unofficial " organs of opinion " could indignantly and relentlessly condemn the aggressor among nations and then sit back complacently and allow the aggressor to reap the fruits of the aggression.

The foregoing interpretation of the President's meaning is certainly false. He has repeatedly counselled the use by the United States of physical force against an unauthorized disturber of the world's peace. When he condemned a neutral attitude towards a national reprobate as intolerable, he was using neutrality in its legal sense as the opposite of belligerency. He was advising his fellow-countrymen to express their disapprobation by means of war. " This is the last war of the kind that involves the world that the United States can keep out of," he said on October 26th in Cincinnati. In the same speech he asked his audience to be ready for the exertion of their whole " force, moral and physical " for the vindication " of the fundamental rights of man," and in his recent note to the European belligerents he declares the American people " stand ready and even eager to cooperate " in the protection of weaker nations against violence " with every influence and resource at their command." The President's record on this point is consequently quite without ambiguity. He is certainly to be classed among the militant pacifists who seek to place organized international force behind the institutes of the international community.

However much the adherence of the President to the program of militant pacifism is assured, the fight to commit American public opinion to its support is far from being won. Hitherto the agitation in its favor has not been confronted by formidable opposition. Its advocates have sought to arouse the interest and understanding of people in a novel and complicated idea rather than to controvert the arguments of active and convinced opponents. But recently the very success of the agitation in its favor has created the inevitable opposition. From all points of the compass the enemies are gathering. Before long as many people will be engaged in an effort to discredit the idea of a peace league as there are engaged in its dissemination. The recent newspaper articles, impeaching the sincerity of the President's advocacy of the use of force in the interest of international order, were doubtless intended to reconnoiter the ground and to test out the measure of conviction which has already been aroused by the idea of militant pacifism.

As we have indicated, the opposition springs from many diverse sources. It derives from pacifists who repudiate the use of force even in the interest of international order, from militarists who refuse to seek peace even by means of possible coercion, and lawyers who resent any attempt to find a basis for international law except abstract right, recognized precedent and the voluntary consent of a society of free and absolute sovereigns. Of these three classes of opponents the second will prove in all probability to be the least formidable. Certain men always have and always will oppose any form of international organization for the discouragement of war, because peace seems to them inseparable from moral and political stagnation. But in the future their opposition will not count for much, because the tragic costs of the present war have convinced American public opinion that the future of civilization depends absolutely on the organization of peace. Far more dangerous will be the opposition of the two other groups. Together they will deprive the program of the League of the support of thousands of people who are sincerely desirous of contributing to the abolition of war. Both of these groups expect to institute peace without calling force to the aid of the institution, the first because it regards the use of force, even for the achievement of excellent purposes, as a compromise with the devil, and the second because it regards certain general principles of international right as so intrinsically reasonable and of such general and victorious application that their exposition by a court will impose itself on the consciences of the sovereign nations. They are the same two classes of opponents which have hampered American experimental liberalism in its laborious work of domestic reconstruction—on the one hand the sentimental idealists like Mr. Bryan, whose aspirations are admirable, but who spend them in agitation and declamation rather than in the organization of results; on the other hand, the legalists who expect peace like other ultimate social goods to be deduced by judges from abstract principles rather than gradually wrought by purposive national action out of the living forces prevailing in international politics.

It is, of course, easy to overestimate the importance of the part which force is entitled and is destined to play in the institution of peace. Every pacifist, be he militant or quietist, must recognize that a League to Enforce Peace runs a real danger of becoming a league to perpetuate war. A society of nations even more than a society of individuals cannot be held together by mere coercion. As John Dewey has said: " Force is efficient socially not when it is imposed upon a scene from without, but when it is an organization of the forces *in* a scene....No League to Enforce Peace will fare prosperously save as it is the natural accomplishment of a constructive adjustment of the concrete interests which are already

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at work." The proposed League has a chance of faring prosperously chiefly because as a result of the war the great nations will have a much stronger incentive than formerly to seek a mutually acceptable adjustment of their conflicting interests. Its organization would be the expression of a certain will to coöperate, or at least of a reluctant recognition of the necessity of coöperation. Its value would be proved by its ability to provide a medium in which these desirable adjustments are more likely to take place. This medium of mutual forbearance which is indispensable to the constructive adjustment of difficulties must be reflected chiefly in public opinion; and international lawyers, like James Brown Scott, are justified in considering a sustaining public opinion as the most indispensable of all sanctions for the institution of peace. But what Mr. Scott fails to understand is the relation between possible use of force and the formation of responsible and efficacious public opinion. If a peace league is organized a tentative criterion will be established between authorized and unauthorized wars; and what will give this criterion its reality in public opinion will not be its perfect justice, but the knowledge that its violation will convert a sufficient number of inoffensive neutrals into belligerents. If the violation of the criterion assumes the participation of inoffensive powers in penalizing the offender, the assurance of such a consequence would do more than anything else to secure "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind."

Issues in the Adamson Law

THE decision of the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the Adamson law will in all probability have an importance in the constitutional history of America which only a few of the great decisions of the past have attained. While it is possible that the court will decide the case on narrower grounds, the railroads which are attacking the law have presented at least two issues of the very first magnitude, the one under the due process clause of the Fifth Amendment, the other under the commerce clause. In order to understand the decision of the court, when it comes, it is necessary to bear these two issues in mind.

The court is asked by the railroads to declare the law unconstitutional on the ground that it interferes with "liberty of contract," and hence deprives the railroads of property without due process. They rely on the much-criticized decision, in the famous Lochner case, that it was unconstitutional for New York to regulate the hours of labor of men employed in bakeshops. It is the argument that the opponents of the Oregon minimum-wage law have made. If this objection is sustained, it will mean that wage legislation, either by Congress or by the states, is unconstitutional. It will mean that henceforth legislatures must turn a deaf ear to the modern conviction that there is a social responsibility for the standard of living of the individual. It will mean, unless the federal Constitution can be amended, that henceforth labor's demand for a larger share of the national income cannot be satisfied by the orderly processes of law, but must be vindicated in the battlefield of industrial strife.

The second ground on which the court is asked to declare the law unconstitutional, is that it is not a regulation of commerce, within the meaning of the Constitution. On the surface, this seems to be merely a controversy over the meaning of words. Yet the decision of the court on this contention will mark one of the few great turning points in the constitutional history of the commerce clause. It will determine whether that clause, with its sweeping grant of power, is to be limited by verbal and formal construction, or whether it will remain sufficiently inclusive and flexible to bring within its scope all the factors and instruments of commerce.

In the long history of the development of the commerce clause there have been several attempts to induce the Supreme Court thus to limit its scope. As yet they have always been unsuccessful; the national powers have always been vindicated. In the famous case of McCullough v. Maryland, lawyers of the highest ability and repute tried to limit its application to the bare acts of barter, of shipment and receipt; an abstract conception which Chief Justice Marshall repudiated in memorable words: "Commerce, undoubtedly, is traffic, but it is something more: it is intercourse. It describes the commercial intercourse between nations, and parts of nations, in all its branches." By this decision, the vast interests engaged in navigation, both coastwise and foreign, the great commercial capitalists of the time, came within the protection of the national government, and were freed from hampering state restrictions based on local jealousies and subserving merely local needs.

Probably Marshall had in mind only transportation by water. Trade by land was conducted by stagecoach, along turnpikes, in a few cases in canals, and these were almost without exception controlled by exclusive state-granted monopolies. No one then supposed that Marshall's language, sweeping as it was, applied to them. But circumstances changed. Railroads began to knit the markets of the nation into a great commercial web. Important interests were engaged. Transporta-

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tion by land became as great a national institution as was navigation in the days of Marshall. Again the formal, verbal construction of the commerce clause was urged. Although transportation by sea might be commerce, on land, argued the lawyers, the term covered only the bare exchange of goods. Land transportation is not commerce. But again the formal construction was rejected, and a national transportation system was to a large extent freed from state regulation based on particular state interests, while Congress, through the Interstate Commerce Commission, was accorded power to weld it into an adequate instrument of national life.

More recently, another attempt has been made to restrict the scope of the commerce clause. It came to be realized that social legislation in the states could not be made effective without federal assistance, and that standards of health, of morals, of industry, presented national problems. The realization led to a series of laws excluding from interstate commerce obscene literature, lottery tickets, impure drugs, diseased meat. Still more recently Congress has excluded the products of child-labor employing industries. Again it was argued that these laws were beyond the power of Congress. The power to regulate, it was urged, does not include the power to exclude. The object of the commerce clause is to liberate, not to restrict, commercial intercourse. The argument was again emphatically rejected. The principle was established that together with control of a national transportation system came responsibility for the uses to which that system was put, and power to declare that it shall not be used in aid of a traffic which undermines the health or stamina of the nation.

The argument addressed to the Supreme Court by the opponents of the Adamson law represents a fourth attempt to narrow the commerce clause by arbitrary construction. It is now urged that the welfare and standard of living of the employee of a railroad is so remotely connected with interstate commerce that to provide for it is not within the scope of the commerce clause. There is a decision of the Supreme Court which smacks of this theory. In the Adair case, the court held unconstitutional the portion of the Erdman act which made it unlawful for a railroad to discharge an employee on the ground that he was a member of a union. The court conceived that there could be no "possible legal or logical connection between an employee's membership in a labor organization and the carrying on of interstate commerce." If this is law and logic, experience seems to have flatly contradicted it. And the court has sustained a federal employers' liability law, under the commerce clause. This latter decision gives strong hope that the court will recognize that labor is as vital a factor in commerce as are commodities and instruments of transportation.

A statesmanlike approach to the problem which the threatened railroad strike of last September revealed calls necessarily for governmental responsibility for working conditions and rates of pay. To take away labor's unrestricted power to strike is to take away its strongest weapon. For a government which has not the power to enforce labor's demands where they are just, to take away the only weapon by which labor can itself enforce these demands, would be inconceivable. If the Supreme Court declares the Adamson law unconstitutional, compulsory arbitration will be politically, if not constitutionally, impossible. It will mean that the government must abdicate its supremacy, and stand by while the parties precipitate the country into industrial war.

In refusing to live up to the spirit and purpose of the Adamson law, the railroad managers have, we believe, made a short-sighted blunder. They have laid themselves open to the charge that it is they rather than the Brotherhoods that are now forcing Congress to legislate without investigation. If it is true, as they so urgently insisted last fall, that an eight-hour standard day would put an impossible burden on their finances, if it is true that the investigation and judicial weighing of facts which they so vociferously demanded would have vindicated their position, why do they now appeal to every legal technicality to avert such an investtigation? It is infinitely more necessary now than it was then; yet by attacking the Adamson law the railroads are attacking the only means of adequate investigation which Congress possesses. The added expense which the Adamson law might entail, even during the short period in which it is in force, is not a matter of which the railroads are in a position to complain. Only two years ago, on a plea that the war was bringing them financial ruin, they prevailed on the Interstate Commerce Commission, over the dissent of several of its members, to raise their rates. Instead of ruin, the European catastrophe has brought them war profits and prosperity. Would it not be wise to invest a part of this unearned increment on an experiment which alone can give Congress data for permanent legislation? The Adamson law is now in the hands of the Supreme Court. With that tribunal rests its fate under the Constitution. If the law is sustained, it will not be too late for the railroads to recede from their position of antagonism, and coöperate with the Brotherhoods in applying the law in the spirit in which Congress understood it.

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Extending the University

IF what is known as the higher education is ever to mean more to our democracy than the special intellectual possession of a well-to-do class, or a preparation for specialized professional work, some method must be devised for connecting it up in palatable and useful form with the interests of the intelligent element in the world outside the college. The college cannot remain a mere pool of learning, confined to research and experimentation and the special training of youth. In a democratic society it needs to be a reservoir, with a thousand outlets, reaching widely diverse groups and individuals. Otherwise our general intellectual folk-ways will remain uninfluenced by the newer realistic and dynamic conceptions of the best modern thinking. For after all, the progressive American college will for a long time to come be our chief resource in obtaining an intellectual orientation in the current political and economic and social fields and issues. Great masses of men and women who never dreamed of intellectuality or the higher education will continue to speculate and have opinions, however vaguely, on most of the subjects which the college teaches. Without modern terms and categories by which to order their thinking, mere authority and prejudice will rule. In the long view it is the college which, in spite of its inadequacies, is responsible for the concepts in which the current intelligence frames the surrounding world. The difference between an intelligence with a college education and one without it is that the former has a much better chance of getting his world charted and mapped. He knows his way about.

This is the motive for university extension, and it is not because the English and American universities and colleges have not taken their responsibility seriously that this intellectual guidance is not more widely extended than it is. Fifty years ago, missionaries of culture were coming out of Oxford and Cambridge. They were perhaps a little too content with building miniature Oxford colleges in London slums, but the classes they formed in the large industrial centers have developed into the present flourishing " tutorial classes " of the Workers' Educational Association. A younger generation of Fabians and Liberals have thrown their enthusiasm and rare intellectual ability into this task of making the modern English workers feel at home in the world. They have also discovered and nurtured many local intellectual leaders.

But all such extension movements find themselves confronted with the paradoxes which so sudden a juxtaposition of class-minds is bound to produce. You cannot suddenly present non-academic minds with the abstract and pre-digested intellectual stuff of the universities without wasting much energy and producing much mystification. This material may be nourishing enough for trained students, but the worker demands far more realistic fare to chew upon. When university extension fails, it is the shop girls and mechanics and clerks who " show up " sociology and economics quite as much as it is the " higher studies " which are showing them up. The fact is that the material of the social and physical sciences has not yet been put in a sufficiently poroused and leavened condition to prove nourishing even to the mass of college students. The active world does not divide knowledge off into water-tight " subjects "; it does not measure culture by " points " and " credits." It asks only for comprehension and general intelligence. It thinks in terms of practical situations. It uses knowledge for data, for getting one's bearings. Education cannot be given merely by plumping great chunks of " Knowledge " down on people in the shape of lecture courses, no matter how logically and truthfully such courses may be presented. The intelligent college student sometimes manages to assimilate the chunks. But the outsider is helpless.

It is to disregard of this elementary fact that we owe the swift collapse of the early university extension movement in this country. And it is to this that we owe the tendency of the organized extension systems of the western state universities to become mere series of spasmodic and unrelated lectures which attract because they edify rather than because they enlighten. University extension becomes a sort of Chautauqua. The university, unable to propagate its unmitigated courses, condescends, and its " extension " tends to become a mere scattering of crumbs. The colleges are slow in discovering a middle way between their ponderous text-book methods and the smattering and superficiality of " popularized " knowledge.

Upon the latter they look with righteous scorn, and this facile and unrelated " popular " science of magazine and newspaper and handbook is so undesirable that they have a plausible case in standing sternly for the pure milk of the word. Yet if college extension is to mean anything, the alternative must be found. And it is along such lines as the new " People's University " in Massachusetts that we believe the solution will be worked out. This plan involves a state-wide system of free educational extension, covering all subjects, elementary and advanced. By means of correspondence courses and tutorial classes, or a combination of both, this " People's University " will put at the

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free disposal of every citizen the intellectual resources of the various colleges of the state. Where ten or more students agree to meet together once a week for the study of correspondence lessons, the department offers to send an instructor to every fourth meeting of the class. The colleges are levied upon for instructors, where they are needed, and a uniform rate of compensation is paid. If the group wishes, the instructor visits the class every week. The lecture-course is thus replaced by the " study-group," and an environment of discussion and coöperation is created where real thinking is possible. The instructor becomes a guide, counselor, friend to minds that are active, instead of an authoritative preacher to a passive audience.

The plan seems to combine all the advantages of the correspondence lesson, the sustained college class, the local spontaneous discussion group. It mediates between the naïve approach of the " popular " student and the remote and abstract academic subject. The tutor is available to work with the student. But more: during the first year of work the extremely significant discovery was made that, when academic subjects are attacked by such study-groups, the usual form of presenting material—that is, the current text-books, syllabi, etc., used by the colleges and secondary schools—is almost helplessly inadequate. The stiff logical text-book approach to the sciences or political and economic studies becomes unreal in this kind of spontaneous discussion. It does not meet the appetite of the normally curious mind, as yet undebauched by knowledge. This is the first extension movement to act upon this all-important fact, the disregard of which has vitiated the extension movements of the past. The " People's University " has found itself compelled to evolve new text-books and syllabi, which follow the actual psychological approach of the student and not the logical approach of the professional text-book maker. And the directors report a surprisingly large demand for the publication of such new methods and an extensive public for them when they are issued.

The " People's University " is too new to judge except by promise. During the first year, the popular demand seems to have gone largely to elementary subjects. The plan is too good as yet for the material with which it has to work. The instructors themselves have to be civilized, and changed from perfunctory lecturers into genuine co-workers with their classes. The organization of successful study-groups is also a matter of time. But if this plan had done nothing more than lay down, as it has, the principle that university extension is not a mere matter of distribution, it would be revolutionary and of radical significance for American education.

No country ever had such extensive machinery for the distribution of culture. What with the admirable service of the public libraries and institutions like the Chautauqua reading circle, we should all be savants, if it were purveyance and not assimilation that counted. The college, with its scheme of lecture courses, its measuring of achievement by " points " and " credits," is still far from any recognition of the fact that knowledge must be grasped, assimilated, put to use, rather than merely " acquired." An extension system on this Massachusetts plan, organized in study-groups, discarding academic text-books, democratic, without degrees or mechanical measurements of advance, concerned only with harnessing current knowledge to the work of the world, would play a constant stream of tacit criticism upon the college. It would be a challenge which the college would have to meet.

The college cannot meet the challenge merely by adopting a tutorial system which puts the student into the hands of the least experienced and the least brilliant instructors instead of the most brilliant and best equipped. The entire intellectual baggage of the college must be opened and exposed to the air, the barriers between " subjects " broken down, scholarship made to mean interpretative grasp and not mere collecting of facts. Otherwise, if the " People's University " developed and the college remained unregenerate, the best college education would be sought not within, but outside the college walls.

IT is a great pleasure to announce that Mr. George Soule, who for two years has been a member of our staff, is now assistant editor.

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If a German Attacked Your Wife—

"IF a German attacked your mother"—or wife or sweetheart or grandmother as the case may be—"would you not defend her?"

The question may be heard any day at one of the tribunals created in England under the new conscription law to hear claims for exemption from military service. It is asked, of course, of the applicant who bases his claim upon a conscientious objection to war, and is part of the means by which the tribunal decide whether his conscience is the real thing. Should the questionee—usually some nervous, stammering and inarticulate workman of profound religious feeling belonging to one of the small bodies of Christians who make a refusal to kill in war one of their tenets—appear to admit that he would defend his mother, or if he should lack glibness or precision in his reply, the tribunal is pretty certain to decide that his conscience is not genuine: that if he would defend his mother he cannot have any conscientious objection to killing Arabs in Mesopotamia or Bulgarians in the Balkans (none of whom was exactly threatening his mother) in order that Russia's claims to Constantinople may be made entirely secure.

Once you have admitted that you would defend your wife, this new Inquisition into Conscience will prove to you not only that you cannot logically or justly object to being compelled to kill or be killed on behalf of any foreign policy which the government may decree, but that you cannot resist its right to prohibit your discussion of the subject; or to lock up Mr. Bertrand Russell who might mention the matter in his lectures; or to refuse him a passport to America; and so forth. You would defend your mother? Then, of course, the authorities must have power to prevent the advocacy of a patched-up peace, or the Germans will attack us again. The "competent military authority" must be judge of how much foreign policy common folk will be allowed to know, just as they have become judges, under the Defense of the Realm act, of how far Mr. Russell shall be allowed to go in discussing political ideals.

You object that the continuation of this sort of thing, by depriving a people of any real freedom to discuss the foundations of their policy, will produce a public opinion so passionate and ill informed as to be unable to distinguish between good and bad policy, between defense and agression? Then obviously you don't mind if Huns ravish your sister.

Is this logical chain quite as complete as the elderly tradesmen who sit in judgment upon men's lives and consciences in the new English tribunals would have us believe? If I have a moral objection to tearing off a man's face with a piece of hot metal because his government has disagreed with mine as to whether Austrian or Russian influence shall dominate in the Balkans, must I also stand aside when some drunken savage attacks a child?

Is the choice really between these two absolutes? If we undertake to defend our lives and our womanfolk by force, shall we be dragged by an unbreakable chain to war and militarism? Must we choose between non-resistance and Prussianism?

Mr. John Haynes Holmes in his book "New Wars for Old" says, in effect, Yes. Self-defense, he says, can be made to justify anything. "To resort to force from motives of self-defense is as perilous as to resort to force from motives of liberation" (p. 63), and he gives instances from Marcus Aurelius to the Kaiser in justification. And to this extent he is in agreement with the chairman of the conscription tribunal: once admit that you must defend your mother by force, and you admit the right of the state to ask of you anything it pleases in what it considers some necessary part of that object—like the annexation of Egypt or of Mesopotamia.

It is because Mr. Holmes has accepted the premises of the tribunal—they are indeed the usual assumptions of most discussions of the place of force in human affairs—that his book, able, persuasive and arresting as it is, will not have upon prevailing ideas on the subject the effect that it might have otherwise. For while a useful and noteworthy contribution to this very difficult problem—the most difficult and the most important problem now confronting organized society—and worth reading from the first page to the last, it does not, alas, answer that question about the Hun and the grandmother in any way that would enable the conscientious objector rationally to explain and define his objection; or to protect himself from impalement on one or other of the horns of that dilemma which the chairman of the tribunal presents to him. Mr. Holmes cites a large number of cases where non-resistance, or moral resistance, or passive resistance have been successful. But he has not said—any more than the conscientious objector is able to say—what he would do in the case of the assault on his mother; and why, if he would justify her defense by force, he

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condemns the defense of his country by force: he has not shown by what clearly defined principle the English or German Socialist who refuses to take part in his country's wars, however "defensive," can be justified in defending his own person or that of his dependents or neighbors from bodily assault.

I suppose that question about the Hun and the grandmother has been asked some hundreds, perhaps thousands, of times in the English tribunals. Not once, so far as I am aware, has a conscientious objector pointed out that though Belgium (say) in refusing to resist the Germans might have committed a monstrous and despicable crime, she would at least by that means have rendered her women and children as safe as have been those of Luxemburg, which did not resist. If England had refused to enter the war and had induced France to refuse, we might have had a German domination of Europe, the end of liberty, the passing of democracy, anything you please; but there would have been no slaughter of English or French populations.

This, of course, does not make out a case for political non-resistance, but it does indicate that the grandmother argument, far from telling against such non-resistance, is perhaps the very strongest argument for it. It is very difficult, as we know, and some of us almost give up the task in despair (though there is nothing upon which Shaw's "average stockbroker" is more dogmatic!) to know why great states go to war, why countries like England and France have during the last few centuries fought one another and every great state in the world. But of the struggles between them —whatever may be true of the wars of conquest of such territories as India or Mexico—we can at least with absolute dogmatism say this: They have not been from any need of protecting their citizens from outrage. Yet that one reason, which on examination we must realize to be either the grossest kind of pretense or the most hopeless befuddlement, is the one reason paraded in nationalist oratory, recruiting posters, or "Battle Cry of Peace" films. And to that befuddlement I am afraid the advocates of non-resistance have themselves contributed by this implication that the same reasons which impel you to use force to defend your wife or children, also justify your using force to defend your country against foreign rule.

Common thought on this matter confuses two entirely distinct problems: that of protecting national sovereignty, or asserting political power to nationalist ends—with which all war between great states is closely concerned; and that of the maintenance of social order, or protection of the person and property as that term is understood in the western world—with which object war between western powers has nothing whatever to do. New York would be as well policed under German as under Tammany rule. Not that political non-resistance necessarily implies submission to foreign rule. When the Germans, having completely smashed all French resistance in 1872, having imposed their power upon the whole country, then completely evacuated it (except for the German-speaking portions) what must we assume to have been the objects of German policy? The actual reduction of France to a German province? Then why was it not accomplished since the German rulers must have known that never again would German action be likely to have so free a hand for such a policy?

What was aimed at, of course, was the destruction of French power, the removal of France as a political rival in Europe. Supposing that France had accepted that position and said: "After this we shall have no army." Obviously, in view of the German evacuation when France *had* no army, her soil and autonomous government would have been safe. Have then the forty-four years of labor and the present sacrifice of what promises to be her entire youth, been for mere political glory, for the conquests in Africa and Asia?

We cannot say with any certainty. Frenchmen themselves do not know. For, owing precisely to the confusions just indicated, the difference between a struggle for political power or expansion, and the defense of the French folk from personal outrage by Germans, has never been cleared up. The two things are still identified in the mind of the average European.

Push the inquiry a little further. We talk of the defense of French culture, but has French expansion in Africa, into the Sahara, into Tunis, into Madagascar, into equatorial swamps, into Morocco—with which, after all, the war was more concerned than with French literature or drama—advanced that culture? Would its influence have been less if France, first of all the great states, had surrendered the scramble for political power? What really is the relation of military force to those things? May it not be that we are misconceiving that relationship as grossly as in the past we mistook the need of defending our religious faiths by force?

I am not urging that this makes a case for non-resistance. I do not believe it does. For the purpose of resistance to foreign rule, it may be worth while to subject our women and children to the danger and hardship to which they are usually subject in war. I am not challenging that for a moment. But the everlasting confusion between the two objects in popular discussion is of

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the very essence of those misunderstandings out of which wars arise; and it should be cleared up.

In that task the advocacy of political non-resistance might play a useful rôle if only it could get away from those absolutes by which it seems to be dominated. Even then of course it would not win the nations to non-resistance as a practical policy; but the discussion which it would provoke might so clear political thought as to render it capable of policies a little less disastrous than those now adopted. That is the service which the advocacy of "extreme views" usually performs.

At this moment the whole course of Allied policy rests far more upon the fashion in which the great mass will answer a simple question of human psychology than upon any question of politics. Will Germans be less or more inclined to "do it again" if they are now "punished" by a "fight to a finish?" You have there a question upon which an observant woman who has brought up half a dozen children and kept her temper is as able to pronounce as the most experienced statesman. It is the average Englishman's ideas as to the efficacy of force and punishment, the extent to which his own ordinary judgment has survived the temper of war, and not any expert decision in the intricacies of Balkan politics that will decide the question of continuing the war.

It is obvious that the millions who in the last resort make up national feeling and determine the general line of national policy will never be expert in political, historical and geographical technicalities. Nor is it necessary that they should be. If the temper and atmosphere which arise out of the general attitude to the more elementary issues are of the right kind, difficulties of detail will almost settle themselves. If that temper and atmosphere are wrong, then some small defect of detail against which no cleverness of the expert can protect us will suffice once more to set the world ablaze. In the fundamental problems of human relationship—in those of conscience and morals—the bootblack is as well fitted to judge as the bishop. Indeed, as a matter of simple historical fact (as the political record, for instance, of the Bench of Bishops in the British House of Lords will show) the bootblack has generally been right and the bishop wrong. And this, of course, is because the data for judgment are the common facts of daily life concerning which the bootblack is probably better informed than any bishop could be.

It is by right reasoning through these common facts that we shall find salvation.

NORMAN ANGELL.

Three Poor Devils

Not nearly so many die of wounds received in battle nowadays as formerly, because of the immediate scientific attention that the wounded receive. To-day soldiers can be shot up a good deal without serious injury. HIRAM MAXIM.

THE nurse stopped beside a cot near the window. "This is Brissol," she said.

He lay upon his back, motionless; only his head had turned slightly upon the pillow as we neared him, that he might more easily look at us. But I did not notice his face. I was looking at his feet. They stuck out at the bottom of the bed, each bound lightly to a thin board padded with cotton —like a makeshift sandal. They were waxy white, and looked clean and soft, like a woman's hands. The white coverlet that hid all between ankles and chin lay without a wrinkle.

The nurse explained. "He's paralyzed, from the waist down. Shrapnel. And we had to amputate his left arm. His back is sore, too—bed sores, you know, from lying still so long. It is covered with them. The worst I ever saw...."

She turned to the wounded man and spoke in French. "Brissol, this gentleman is from New York."

He had been watching us, his eyes glancing from one to the other. They were eyes black and extraordinarily brilliant, as though they had taken over the vitality that had passed from that inert body. He spoke now for the first time.

"Ah, New York." He smiled, "To see my petit bras?"

"He calls the stump his 'little arm,'" she explained. "I'll ask him to show it to you. He likes us to joke about it." She turned again to Brissol. Would he show us his petit bras?

He nodded, and with his remaining hand turned back the coverlet that we might look. The sleeve of the flannel nightgown had been cut away to give freer play to what was left of his arm. The end was neatly done up in intricate platings of bandage. The upper part, where the flesh showed, was white, waxy white like his feet, and frail. I could have spanned it with my thumb and forefinger.

He could move it, he said. See: The thing wagged grotesquely. "Ce n'est pas très long, mon p'tit bras," he murmured.

"How long did you lie wounded before the stretcher-bearers found you?" The question was almost involuntary. I do not know why I asked it.

"Two days. . . .That is a long time." He paused a moment. "A long time," he repeated softly.

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"Will he ever walk?" I asked the nurse as we turned away.

"No. Never."

"Still—somehow it doesn't seem quite so bad as if he were a younger man, with a whole lifetime—"

She shook her head. "He is not old. Many of them look like that. He is only thirty-five."

We had reached another bed. No paralytic, this, for he was sitting up, dressed in his uniform, the faded coat unbuttoned at the throat, and wearing a pair of shabby black bedroom slippers. He heard us coming and turned his head; and I saw that he was blind. The half-closed right eye was dull and sunken, while the drooping left eyelid protruded, swollen and purplish, as though the eyeball beneath were trying to force its way out of the socket.

"One of my best patients," said the nurse. "Bon jour, Grangeon!"

At the sound of her voice his heavy, patient face lighted up with eager welcome. "Ah, Mees Smeeth! Bon jour, bon jour!" he babbled excitedly. Then, suddenly, his mood changed; he became mysterious, important. "Attendez! I have something for you!"

He fumbled under the pillow for an instant, found the object he was searching for, and held it out proudly. A little basket; a clumsy little raffia basket about three inches across, wobbly and lop-sided, with frayed ends of straw sticking out of its uneven rim.

"Ah, c'est joli!" cried the nurse. For me? Truly? Merci, Grangeon!" Her eyes were very bright. She took his hand and held it, patting and stroking it as she talked to me.

"Poor Grangeon! It's worse for him than for some of them. He is older—over forty—and he is only a peasant, a farm hand. He is not clever. He finds it hard to learn raffia work and chair caning, like the rest. It is too late. He cannot change. I don't know what he will do."

She was talking in English, of course. But Grangeon did not seem to mind being left out of things. He sat on the bed, his legs straight out before him and his shoulders bent a little. But his chin was raised, so that he seemed to be peering at something very far off. That was because he was but newly blind. When he had been blind a little longer he would not hold his chin up that way. He would give up the fight, the unconscious struggle to see, and the taut muscles would relax.

Already the anxious, puzzled lines on his face were commencing to smooth out, were giving way to the awful placidity of the blind. Perhaps this was why he seemed so much younger than Brissol; Brissol, who was thirty-five and looked fifty. Sitting there, clutching the nurse's hand with his thick, calloused fingers, he seemed strangely like a child. You thought of a little boy, in the dark, holding fast to his mother's hand for comfort....

"We must go," the nurse said. "The surgeons will be making their rounds soon." She gently disengaged her fingers. "Au revoir, Grangeon."

"Au 'voir, ma'mselle."

As the door closed behind us she glanced down the corridor and pointed in surprise. "Why, there's Dupré. I didn't know he was well enough to be up. We must stop and speak to him. He's a very remarkable case—plastic surgery. When he came, it didn't seem as though he could possibly live. But the surgeons saved him. They've given him almost a whole new face."

He did not look up as we stopped before him. He was sitting in a low chair, leaning forward, his elbows upon his knees and his hands loosely clasped. His chin was slightly raised. . . as Grangeon's had been. Over his right eye and half of his right cheek was a black patch. His nose was quite flat, the right nostril a mere flap of skin. Part of his mouth—the left side—was still normal, a mouth. But just under his nose a thick, livid scar divided his upper lip, ran down the lower lip and jaw, and disappeared beneath his chin. To the right of this scar there was nothing; nothing human, that is. There was skin and flesh, bone, too, perhaps. A slit to the right of the scar corresponded to what was the mouth on the left. But the thing had no lips.

Jean Dupré was twenty-four years old. He had once been a man, perhaps even a handsome man.

The nurse spoke, very cheerfully. "Dupré, bon jour! How do you feel now? Is your cold any better to-day? Ça va bien?"

"Non. Ça ne va pas bien."

He had not raised his head, nor had his expression changed. But the terrible lipless mouth had moved; and from somewhere, hell, I think, had come a voice....

It was the nurse who first broke the silence as we went on down the corridor. "He wears that black patch, you know. . . because there is nothing underneath. Just a red hole."

"He has seen himself?"

"No. He hopes to get back the sight of his left eye—he can tell night from day. But he never will."

We were both silent for a little while. Then she spoke again. "Do you know," she began hesitatingly, "I can't help thinking. . . these three men. . . perhaps it would have been better—"

She did not finish. There are things that it is useless for nurses to think about—or surgeons either. They are not the judges. This wonderful

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civilization of ours, so intricate, so specialized, has set them a single task: that of healing broken men, of keeping living souls in dead bodies. There are other specialists to take charge of the killing.

To die for one's country!. . . If one were only sure of dying.

DEEMS TAYLOR.

Paris.

Verhaeren

THE work of Emile Verhaeren was a long progress toward joy. The world has known geniuses who did not have to make the ascent. Born at the summit, their art has been a mighty, a continual, affirmation of existence. They are, however, the exceptions. There has been but one Rubens, one Händel, one Rabelais. The rest have had to toil towards gladness. Many have died on the cruel journey. The Belgian poet who perished a few weeks ago in a railroad accident, persevered and attained. The mature, the definitive portion of his work, is a passionate hymn to life. He is of the company of the conquerors.

The day into which Verhaeren was born imposed the struggle categorically upon him. It was an uncharted world that confronted him. His native Flanders, perhaps even more than the rest of the globe, had undergone, during the first half of the nineteenth century, a change almost necromantic. A somnolent agricultural country had, of a sudden, become a furnace. Vast manufacturing cities were sucking up the rural populations. Nature had taken shapes of brick and glass and steel. The power of mechanical devices, the obliteration of distance, the knitting of the continents, had given the earth new proportions. Man was rent in the transformation. Before him lay an altered world, demanding that he cast aside the scheme of things he had fashioned for himself, relinquish his modes of apprehension. So only could he get joy and satisfaction. It offered its novel forms and rhythms, its novel colors and designs to the artist, but at a great price. He must not alone give over the old man. He must be reborn in harmony with the new order, affirm it, venture forth with it on the voyage into the unknown, hold to it for good or ill. The new day wanted a lover. To no other could it make surrender of itself. That was its challenge.

It was made not only to Verhaeren. It was made to every artist in every land. Few took up the gauntlet, with the exception of Whitman scarcely a poet. Parnassians, pre-Raphaelites, symbolists, they were the poets of the dead past, singers who had retreated into themselves, drawn by homesickness for a departed world. And, for a while, Verhaeren went their way. He fled from life. The world of his earliest poems is not the living Flanders. It is a dreamland woven from the Flemish art of a day long gone. The Flanders of those cold, formal poems is the land of Rubens, of Brueghel, of the lusty painters of the kirmesses, the shadowy Flanders of the medieval cloisters, dead Bruges, not living Brussels. It was as if Verhaeren, with a gesture of dread, had sought to brush away all consciousness of the new and sink back into the reveries of the old. The gesture was ineffectual. There was stuff in Verhaeren that would not remain sunken. The old Flemish lust of life was fermenting in him. It would out toward reality. Reality had become imperative for such a temperament. Either Verhaeren had to fight his way up out of his introversion to the level of the truth, or perish in the combat of tendencies. Dreams of the past could not suffice him. And so Verhaeren, emerging from the mood of "Les Flamandes" and "Les moines," found himself midmost the conflict he had sought to escape.

The poems that indicate his terrible struggle for adjustment have attracted an undue amount of morbid curiosity. Stefan Zweig, Verhaeren's German translator and apologist, for instance, devotes a chapter of his brilliant, if effusive and exclamatory study solely to an analysis of the mental states revealed in the poems, and concludes that Verhaeren was insane for a period. One need scarcely accept his implication. There is no doubt, however, that the man was soul-sick to the point of suicide, that life had resolved itself for him into a slow crucifixion. The energy continually germinating within him, pent up and undirected, took a malicious revenge, and turned laceratingly upon him. If Verhaeren finally emerged from the conflict, "from under the hood of self," it was because his emotions had forced a channel for themselves. Those who knew him say that all his life his face showed signs of the suffering he had undergone in this new birth. But his spirit overcame. It had discovered faith and its dynamic. Verhaeren knew

> que Pan et que Jésus, tous deux, étaient des morts.

But life was there, and the future. And in his heart there sang the hope that

> quelque jour, du fond des brouillards et des voiles,
> Surgit un nouveau Christ, en lumière sculpté,
> Qui soulève vers lui l'humanité
> Et la baptise au feu de nouvelles étoiles,

and that had set him free. The titanic mêlée, the bold and powerful rhythms, the vigorous spiritual design of the modern world came to him. His imagination was fired, his talent galvanized to re-

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creation of what he saw. The world had gained a bardic genius.

We know little of Verhaeren's private life. But we do know that his wedlock was a sovereignly happy one. So much his love-poems, "Les heures claires," "Les heures d'après-midi," tell us. They are the expression of a union silent and steadfast for very passion, of an intimacy in which a whisper, a glance, a half-realized gesture, is language enough. In the mighty stream of his verse, they are like a little bird-haunted island, tranquil in the sunshine. It is useless to speculate to what extent Verhaeren's work was influenced by his marriage. Enough that that work progressed towards its high goal, that Verhaeren took the world to himself, and perceived beauty and order wherever he gazed. Just as the parnassian of "Les Flamandes" had passed into the sinister, the agonizing Verhaeren of "Les débacles," so the poet of the hallucinated countryside, the tentacled cities, merged into a greater. The man who had fled from life, who had been wrecked by it, came to hymn it, to chant, as in "Le Paradis," the happiness of a humanity that, finding the doors of Eden open once more, refuses to forego the earth. Criticism has scarcely been just to this final period of Verhaeren art, has concerned itself overmuch with the stages of the development. In those last and greatest of his volumes, "Les forces tumultueuses," "La multiple splendeur," "Les rhythmes souveraines," as once before in the art of a Rubens, Flanders has made a great affirmation of life. In them, there is the joyous yea-saying of the hearty, sensuous Fleming, quick again as in the great century, hungry for experience, for labor, for beauty, inflamed by the pageantry of the earthly paradise. They are afloat with the wonder of modern things. The strutting life of the new world is there, the shipping, the factories, the gold, the railroads, the cities, the industrial proletariat, the war of the sexes, the dominating figures of captain and banker and statesman, the new ideas and new sciences and discoveries, the new dreams and fervors and religions. They are set in rhythms that jostle and hurtle in their eagerness to flow, in words (Parisians disclaim it as French) rude, biting, aflare with energy. The poems act on the reader like physical stimuli. They are so much nervous fluid shut in the forms of verse. Intoxication wells in them. It was Verhaeren's purpose. He was deliberately the poet of enthusiasm. He knew only too well that

> Le temps n'est qu'un mensonge: il fuit;
> Seule existe celui qui crée
> Emprisonnant l'ample durée
> Dans l'heure ou son génie écrit.

And so he set out to fire men with his dionysiac verse. He wished to impregnate them with the creative impulse so ardent within itself, to excite their imaginations with the spectacle of modern life, that they might be led to express themselves. To what extent he was successful with the silent men who act and give no explanations of their actions, we shall never know, never learn whether the Belgian resistance to Germany drew inspirations from his songs. But in the literary world his influence is markedly at work. It has already set other creative genius free. Both Jules Romains and Johannes V. Jensen make Verhaeren their point of départure. It is very likely that he will bring about a new movement in European poetry, will dominate as no lyrist since Verlaine has done. For his art is pre-eminently sanguine, masculine, dynamic. Of all twentieth century poetry, his approximates most closely to the measurements of a great liberating art, a work that most permanently inflames and invigorates life.

The war, the rape of Belgium, made Verhaeren famous through all the world. But it put to grievous trial a faith attained only after a lifetime of aspiration. The man who had hymned the new Europe, its godlike energy, came to see Europe reverting with redoubled zest to the old barbarism, its energy transformed into a paroxysm of destruction. He saw the Germany that had admired and acclaimed him, had termed him a German poet who by chance wrote in French, overrun his beloved Belgium, saw those who pretended understanding him pervert his ideas hideously. How deeply the man who had been signalled the conscience of Belgium was made to suffer by the war, we can but guess. "Belgium's Agony" intimates something of his rage and his sorrow. Militaristic Germany, the oppressor of life, must have oppressed him, in the comparative security of his English asylum, as she did few other men. And yet, in the little work, perhaps his last, "Parmi les cendres," the old faith gleams again. He knows that Belgium, as after the Burgundian, the Spanish, the Austrian devastations, will re-arise; that Europe is being born afresh out of death and destruction, and that for all her past misery, she will take up the march of civilization with grander vision. And so Verhaeren waited. A railroad accident cut short his brave vigil. He should have lived to see the war end, to see Belgium restored, to see the energy of the world clarified, constructive once more. He would have been the first to greet the new day. Had he not said

> Partons quand même, avec notre âme inassouvie,
> Puisque la force et que la vie
> Sont au delà des vérités et des erreurs?

And he would have sung a song of hope, not alone for Belgium. He would have sung for all the

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world. For it was in all the world that he had faith, and it was to all the world that his word had ever gone.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Emerald Lake

I DO not know whether, as a manner of living, Emerald Lake is worse than those Calabrian villages from which so many of its inhabitants come, but as an architectural litter it is almost as desperate as anything our landscape offers. Once the bed of a broad shallow lake, the region is as low as land can be, and its fields are almost perpetually damp. Streets have been cut in long straight lines and left to wallow in their mud. A gaudy sign-board announces the shifty "real-estate development company" which is responsible for the little foreign settlement. Looking down these vapid streets, one sees a broken line of square, flat-roofed houses of brick and stone, like a caricature of the squat earthquake buildings of Caserta, with here and there a balcony and a touch of color. But in spite of the sprawling space all about, these houses bulge with dark people. A little squalid shop usually darkens the ground floor, and from the apartments above float streamers of bright-colored clothes. Already these streets suggest the time when the combined genius of the land speculator and the Italian padrone will have built Emerald Lake solidly up to the great city which it brushes.

But now the little settlement overflows its streets. The scene is dotted with tiny homesteads, dilapidated shacks of weather-beaten boards thrown together out of old lumber and tar-paper, with a window or two and a stove-pipe chimney. Each little hut is set in its patch of garden and surrounded by its stockade of palings, a brave gesture of an ownership that looks so pitifully clinging and uncertain. On the gaunt and rocky places is tethered the ubiquitous goat against whose marauding these proprietors waste their precious lumber. Black-haired babies and bristly dogs roll in the gutter and on the sidewalks where some bold entrepreneur has already laid his line of "concrete." There are few trees, and the settlement lies in a hot September glare that seems only too grateful to the swarthy, heavy, incorrigibly healthy women who drag themselves to the corner grocery or stand fiercely talking at the doorways. They are all smoothly black-haired, and they all look middle-aged and they all look alike. But for all their clumsiness there is a certain piratical vigor and intensity about them. In my childhood, whenever I rode through Emerald Lake in the car, this was what was most the very essence of "foreign" to me. And as I heard tales of these Italian neighbors going in so whole-heartedly for the anger or lasciviousness or murder which life elementally seemed to demand of them, I wondered at our complacent way of fearing them and of pitying their weak servitude to emotion. These Italians always looked very determined to me, and, illiterate and primitive as I knew them to be, they insisted, against the gray background of our town life, upon seeming important as people. Even the babies have a certain intensity and determination as they totter on the sidewalks, giving evidence that these broad women are not middle-aged but the authentic mothers of them and in the full tide of their prolific career. The young girls you do not see until six o'clock calls them pouring out of the mills, running and chattering in a confused babble. The fact that the eternal-looking mothers were once such ungainly, flimsy, indefinite young animals is no more mysterious perhaps than the fact that the cheerfully guttural men who are repairing the electric road were once like those definite little babies who are bruising themselves on the pavement. For such integrated and elemental people youth cannot be a protective period of prolonged infancy. It is rather something quick, unpleasant, irrelevant, to explode quickly into the real business of working and fighting and breeding. Such people do not fool and fritter away their passions, but get them somehow conserved for life. Emerald Lake represents the injection of sudden vitality into our Puritan town.

The question of what we are going to do with this vitality is so important that it vaguely stirs our community conscience. And they with us! What will America do to these babies in their growing up? Will they lose something of that intensity and become like the painfully collared Domenicoes who stand around the saloon of an evening? If they surrender ditch-digging to some even more needy race, will there be provided for them or will they create for themselves work that will keep all that elemental vigor? Will the girls stay soft and foolish and fail to jump suddenly into eternal-looking mothers? Will they make us gayer, intenser, more primitive, or will our streets merely sophisticate and corrode their vigor? If they become more like us, what obscure things will happen to their souls, and if they do not, what things will happen to ours?

Our town shows its sense of the significance of all these matters by sending Emerald Lake a school, a raw red brick hulk with hideous green shades and a proud and strutting flag-pole. Indeed with characteristic American other-worldliness the school has preceded the sewer. The school is the

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gift of democracy, while the sewer waits on the demand of property-owners. The town trusts the school to Americanize Emerald Lake, as it pulls the little children from the gutters to the kindergarten and sends around the truant officer to catch those under fourteen. The children sing patriotic songs, and salute the American flag every morning, and learn the varied information which the millions of other American children are learning at the same moment all over our broad land.

As yet Emerald Lake has no church and probably will not have a church. For its people seem to have all the robust atheism of those Latin peoples who at once so much enjoy the voluptuousness of religious devotion and get along so easily without it. But it is our custom to contrast rather unfavorably this churchlessness of Emerald Lake with the Polish settlement at the other end of the town, where the church under a nationalistic priest has made a patriotic Poland out of the invigorated neighborhood.

It is surprising how little we know about the inhabitants of Emerald Lake. We do not know whether they come from the same Italian villages, or whether they have drifted in as isolated families. We do not know what old customs and associations they keep up, how they feel themselves related to each other, what they think of us, their neighbors. Politically, Emerald Lake does not count. Even if there were many more naturalized citizens, its voting would still be a mere ratification of the policy of one or the other of the native local politicians who direct township affairs as retainers of our tight little Puritan aristocracy. Emerald Lake's political activity is likely to be limited for some time to such matters as pulling wires for a new saloon license, getting its thirteen-year-old children out of the clutch of the truant officer, coaxing off some youthful brigand from the Recorder's court. Emerald Lake is not yet aware that its true interests lie in securing well paved streets, well drained land, lights, city water and sewers, sanitary tenements, garden space, protection against exploiting builders and landlords, a modern school. It knows that it is not interested in just which popular fellow of the ward shall be councilman. But our town is as innocent as any other of any machinery for getting the newcomer to feel his interest in these needs of his, and to express it effectively. All we can think of to do is to let him say who shall be councilman, and, if he owns a piece of land, pay a few dollars of taxes. We don't work him into the local freemasonry of politics. We tolerate his coming and settling on unoccupied territory which is geographically within our borders, but it is only geographically that Emerald Lake is a part of us.

The Italian of Emerald Lake forces himself upon our attention, works himself in, through acquiring property. There have been times when he unwittingly did it by crime and disease. Our aesthetic stomach has seemed strong enough to stand almost anything he may give us in the manner of living. But his soundest instinct is property. Italian names dot the tax-rolls of the township. Insusceptible to ugliness, mildly susceptible to pestilence, our Puritan community is impressed by property. The Italian first makes his impression as a propertied man. And this is the road along which Emerald Lake advances. To see it for the first time is to feel a chill of despair. Such squalor, such filth, such gaunt forsaken rubbish of lane and hut. Yet I can remember when Emerald Lake was only hovels, and there were not even palings to protect the garden-patch. These queer little buildings, these gardens, these little shops, represent economic advance. For Emerald Lake was true pioneer territory, without any free homestead land. Even the foothold had to be struggled for. There is something unconquerably robust about Emerald Lake. Its dilapidation is the squalor of hope. It is not the squalor of recession and defeat.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

VERSE

The Dancers

From the grey woods they come, on silent feet
Into a cone of light
A moment poised,
A lifting note,
O fair! O fleet!
Whence did you come in your amazing flight?
And whither now
Do you, reluctant, wistfully retreat?
Oh, surely you have danced upon the hills
With the immortals!
As an arrow thrills
Through the blue air and sings,
You join with the proud wind, your fluent limbs
As tameless as his wings.
Within your hollowed hand you hold the draught
That wakes us from our ancient lethargy
To skyey joy
Like yours, luring and swift and free.
Yours is the birth in beauty that was sung
A golden age ago;
And now you come
With pipe and cymbal and the quickening drum,
Till men have hope of conquest over time
And death and tears.
Dreams know not any bars.
You leap like living music through the air,
And love triumphant treads among the stars.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

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After the Play

AS a general rule one does not ask how a new play reveals a personality. One goes further back and asks with considerable heat whether it has got any personality to reveal. That, fortunately, is the kind of scepticism one can drop in dealing with J. M. Barrie. One can revel in his positive acclimatization as a dramatist. He is not a man so unversed in the language of the theatre that he is driven to hackneyed situations and conventions and platitudes. The play is his suitable, mastered medium. He does not work at it, but in it. He is no more hampered by the theatre than Caruso or William Jennings Bryan by their singing voice.

Because he has such idiosyncrasy as a dramatist, has so managed to effectuate his qualities, the good knight James dissuades a fair number of people. They do not believe in fairies, thank you. They do not like him. He gets over to them only too well. A good deal of this comes into the criticism of "A Kiss for Cinderella," especially in its Miss Maude Adams version. It fails not because it is "A Kiss for Cinderella," but because it is Barrie, too much Barrie for a quite reputable kind of taste. There are others who like Barrie but think he is not at his best in this creation. It is thin, they feel, hasn't the gimp the earlier plays had, hasn't the earlier spice and ginger. They see, or profess to see, a real falling-off.

Dramatists do fall off, of course. "Pygmalion" limped for Shaw, and Percy Mackaye has pecked at a fence or two. Henry Arthur Jones has moved steadily down. But one has to be suspicious of the oracular cuss who takes a dramatist's pulse and always shakes his head. He may be discovering a regular condition, not a crisis. He may have forgotten his patient's constitutional alienation from norm. Personally I do not think this "fancy" of Barrie's is as happy as "Peter Pan," which I pretended to love but never returned to. I do not think, for one thing, that it has the same degree of inspiration, the same airy independence of fact. The first act of "Cinderella," for example, is like the preliminary clucking of an aeroplane before it even trills along the ground to start flying. It is vibration without compensatory motion. It is just a little dull. But when "Cinderella" does get started it becomes Barrie, Barrie in what the newspapers call his "whimsy," Barrie in his essential infantility of attitude. And the last act, after the prepotent "fancy," has its familiar sickabed-lady lyricism. If Barrie isn't like that, what is he like?

Your attitude toward this man's genius depends altogether, I should imagine, on your general attitude toward heaven. If you believe in heaven, the peculiar kind of child's heaven that is Barrie's, you find it easy to lend yourself to him, to his general wistfulness and shy sensibility and hazel-twig gift for nostalgia. You find it easy, in this particular instance, to follow Miss Thing in wartime London, the naïve Scottish maid in the studio by day, being cute about Venus de Milo and pathetic in the eyes of her employer; and finding pathos at night herself in services for the poor who visit her shop, and in services for the children who perch in packing-cases all about her. As tailor and doctor and barber Miss Thing earns her pennies, a symbol to London of the exigencies of her wartime, and she spends her pennies caring for the refugees (one of them a Gretchen, God bless Cinderella's 'eart). It is to please the children that Miss Thing plays Cinderella, plays it out in the street waiting for her Prince, as she confides to the policeman; and gets pneumonia and her Dream, and recovers to have the policeman speak poetry without knowing it and make the dream come true.

Although it is with humor that Barrie sees his policeman, humor as to his pompous idiom and his romance so pawkily enjoyed by Cinderella, the full humor of the play is in the fairy dream. Miss Thing sees herself arriving late at the ball, of course, and triumphantly chosen by her prince-policeman over the beautiful Carmencitas and Mona Lisas reminiscent of the studio. She also sees a lovely Maxfield Parrish background for King and Queen and Lord Times and the lord mayor. But the Barrie touch is the Cockney tone of the court that Miss Thing is projecting, a cuteness with laughter in it at every turn. The music is as Cockney as the lingo. It is a glorification of hurdy-gurdy and gives the ball a hilarity that would be coster hilarity if Miss Adams could unbend as miraculously as she strops a razor. This humor saves Barrie's tenderness from the extremities to which it leans.

On those extremities depend, however, the legitimacy of J. M. Barrie's inspiration. For the tenderness that suffuses him is the tenderness of a special romance to which Anglo-Saxons as a rule are early inured. Few grown persons of my own acquaintance take any great stock in heaven, but when they were little all of them believed in it, not because they were told to so much as because they were able. They found life different from their childish dream. In childhood, in other words, one might still believe in heaven because one still might take experience in a wondrous heavenly way. One woke early on a Christmas morning to a world where there were no chores or chidings at the moment, where there were to be many surprises, but all of them pleasant, where the promise was to have a swift and merry performance, where one could count on a warm fire in the breakfast-room and a warm glow in the parental heart. Those were golden mornings, mornings of a world unified and indescribably benign, and one revelled in the expectancies they realized. It was before one began to emphasize the shattering question, Why don't the wheels go round?

In convalescence in later life, to cite a common experience, there can be a similar unity. At such a time, particularly if one have an attractive nurse, the universe comes into tune. Lying in the sanctified irresponsibility of the sick-bed, flowers to the right of us, flowers to the left of us, all the creases seem gradually to smooth out. Serene in emancipation, one falls into sweet, mild, radiant moods, with little rills of ecstasy, as of lake water crisping on a sunny, silent beach. In those moods one pronounces one's own absolution, thinks well of one's former employers, regrets every unanswered letter, makes mellifluous speeches to absent camerados and cameradas, and generally carries on. The clash of life seems nonsense. The game becomes as amicable as solitaire. And, if one is able to stand the gaff, one thinks back to paradise, flowers to the right and to the left rather more than in the sick-room, and an infinitely more sanctified irresponsibility, a more divine suspension of hapless cause and gritty effect.

The belief in this sort of heavenliness is perhaps the richest daydream in the American and Anglo-Saxon world. It is the escape from life which people seek in fiction, which J. M. Barrie spontaneously supplies. If his middle age has sapped a little of his inventiveness, he is no less a romanticist. He still believes in fairy godmothers and would like to wave his own wand over an errant world.

F. H.

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On British Squealing, and the Situation After the War*

The Perils of Peace, by Cecil Chesterton. With an Introduction by Hilaire Belloc. London: Werner Laurie. 2s. net.

MR. CECIL CHESTERTON has set an example to all editor-authors by asking me to review his book because I do not agree with it and am beyond all suspicion of having any venal reasons for hesitating to say so. It is true that I am corrupt to the extent of being personally friendly to him; but that should be the normal attitude of every reviewer to every author. A malicious review may be as exciting as a dog fight; but it is even a worse horror; and I do not admit that a friendly bias is a corrupt one.

I do not in the least disagree with Mr. Cecil Chesterton in the immediate object of his book, which is, to avert a sudden laying down of our arms. But I see no danger of that: we are far more likely to go on fighting long after there is nothing more to be gained by it. For the rest the book is full of the most frightful nonsense. It pours an invective which would be excessive if applied to the seven deadly sins on the commonplaces of normal political conduct; it quotes facts given in the most accessible books of reference with an air of dragging to light the darkest conspiracies and the most treacherous secrets; it draws pictures of the Germans and the English and the French and the Jews and the Christians and the Russians which can be dismissed without documentary verification or refutation because they are not pictures of human beings. It starts from the monstrous assumption that any sixty millions of modern white Europeans can differ from any other sixty millions of them. But its errors are marked by red flags. They are all outrageous errors, and, as such, amusing errors. And the attacks on innocent or negligible individuals are so vehemently forced that they end, very oddly, by producing an effect of good nature. It is like a man working himself to the Berserker paroxysm in a pillow fight. There are, it is true, moments at which Mr. Cecil Chesterton persuades us that he rather dislikes Mr. Lloyd George. But when he goes for Mr. Morel with gestures and denunciations and threats and accusations which would be overstrained if applied to Iago or Judas Iscariot, he fails so hopelessly as a hater that there is something irresistibly ludicrous in his final complaint that he cannot provoke Mr. Morel to any demonstration of resentment.

Mr. Morel brings out this lack of real gall in the Chestertonian diathesis by his own deadly implacability. One cannot conceive Mr. Morel throwing pillows. He would throw spears and throw them to kill. Mr. Chesterton cannot hate hard enough to hunt up a single fact about Mr. Morel that Mr. Morel has not thrust down his throat in his own public accounts of himself. He declares that because Mr. Morel signs himself E. D. Morel, whereas he was christened Georges (the authority for Georges being Mr. Morel himself) he has, in effect, revived the dark lantern of Guy Fawkes. It must be a source of boundless secret delight to Mr. Morel that he has yet another name which Mr. Chesterton has never found out, and which he might find out without the slightest difficulty, just as he could find out that AE's name is George Russell, that Voltaire's name was Arouet, or that Oscar Wilde concealed the resounding Fingal O'Flaherty which his godfathers and godmothers gave him in baptism. Thus Mr. Chesterton has not malice enough even to pick up another pillow, though it lies ready to his hand. He says, in effect, "This scoundrel dares to walk through the lanes of England with his clothes on, and crush her tender verdure with his muddy boots. He has been left money. He has been an honorary secretary. He has been in the employment of capitalist companies. He belongs to a 'Union' with a creed which I could sign without doing violence to my conscience. His father's name was Edmond Morel-de Ville. He himself was naturalized in Liverpool. He was employed by Sir Alfred Jones. He was employed by John Holt and Sons. John Holt backed him in his Congo agitation. These are facts and not inferences. I state them in all their damning cumulativeness; and I ask before heaven and earth whether they can leave any doubt in the mind of any sane and honest patriot that 'Morel' is an agent of the Prussian government? If the man is innocent why does he not clear himself? If the man has an explanation, why does he not give it? If he has nothing to be ashamed of, why does he hide? [Mr. Morel hides in public meetings where three thousand Britons pass his resolutions and cheer his person unanimously.] He cannot deny the facts, because I have them all from himself. I have given him the name of my solicitors. He can appeal to the dispassionate verdict of a British war jury at a cost of a thousand pounds or so. If he prefers to sit down under this crushing indictment, can it be doubted that it is true on every count: that he *has* been an honorary secretary; that he *was* employed by Jones and Holt; that Jones and Holt *were* capitalists; that his father's name *was* Morel-de Ville; that he himself has confessed to all these facts; and that the inference that he is a Prussian agent is logical and inevitable?"

Now these are not the accents of hatred: they are the rhetorical amusements of a man too amiable to take five minutes trouble to find out something really damaging to say of his opponent; for Mr. Morel, being at best only a mortal man, cannot be so utterly and angelically blameless as Mr. Cecil Chesterton's denunciations leave him. I could myself, with a turn of the hand, and without betraying by a single phrase that I was talking nonsense, give such an account of Mr. Cecil Chesterton's paper, from its first foundation in the fortunes of Stephen Swift to its editor's own adventures before the tribunal to which he challenges Mr. Morel to appeal, as would make the very worst he has said of Mr. Morel and his career seem a Sunday-school certificate by comparison. In fact an innocent joke of mine about the discovery of Grosjean as a Chesterton family name in the very book of reference to which Mr. Cecil Chesterton owes his knowledge of Mr. Morel's half French extraction, has, in the hands of Mr. H. G. Wells, compelled Mr. Chesterton to disclaim quite strenuously the criticism of his pedigree, not in the least disgraceful or uncomplimentary, which Mr. Morel avows without embarrassment.

The sham bombardment of Mr. Morel, who, being in dead earnest and a thorough good hater, pegs away fiercely at his real enemies and feels no sting in Mr. Cecil Chesterton's unconscious fun, gives the clue to the whole of "The Perils of Peace." Mr. Cecil Chesterton is a lazily goodnatured and disinterested man playing at being Fouquier Tinville; and he combines with an extraordinary precocity of literary talent and susceptibility a quite childish innocence of the wickedness of the world. He writes with a swing and trenchancy of style, a copiousness in language and illustration, an ineffectually disguised geniality and humor, for which most editors would barter such chances as they have left of salvation; but he reduces

* The title is Mr. Shaw's.

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himself to wild absurdity by taking the commonplaces of every policeman's daily round as outrages which stagger creation and demand the destruction of the nation that tolerates them. Listen to this, for example:

> "When I read of the Wittenberg horrors—the climax so far as we are concerned of Prussian infamy—I know that I entertained the hope that I should never again hear an Englishman speak of peace, at least until we had the enemy beaten to his knees. There is one particular episode in that hideous story which I would like to see written up in large letters on every hoarding and taught to the children in every Boarding School. It is that of the German doctor—by name Aschenbach—approaching the hell to which our men were condemned, standing afar off protected by mask and gloves and other precautions for his personal safety, and calling the brave soldiers among whom he and his like had deliberately spread a filthy plague 'English swine.'
>
> "There are only two alternatives to be pursued in regard to these words. One is to note them, to remember them, and, please God, in due time to take full vengeance for them. The other is to deserve them."

This is an amazing explosion. The Wittenberg horror was a very hackneyed horror of war: its history was the history of most typhus camps of prisoners of war, even in wars waged by the most humane and civilized peoples. One does not forget, for instance, H. M. Stanley's autobiographical description of his experience in a typhus camp in the American Civil War. It was important to expose the Wittenberg horror thoroughly because it effectually disposed of the notion that the Germans, who are a very unmilitary people, and have to be kept in fighting order by an exaggeration and ostentation and idealization of military duty and organization that would be ridiculous in comparatively pugnacious peoples like the British and the French, can stand a strain on discipline better than the rest of us. What happened was that the German army disgraced itself professionally, and the German medical service turned tail in the face of its enemy typhus. Mr. Cecil Chesterton passes over this, except for an implied condemnation of the doctor for very properly resorting to the medical equivalent of the trench helmet. What rouses him to a burst of evidently heartfelt comminatory eloquence is the fact that the Germans call us "English swine."

Just think of it! At the outbreak of the war I was at a hotel in Devon; and the first I heard of it when I came down in the morning was from a very ordinary and typical Englishman on the elderly side of forty, who, after a fairly successful attempt to say unconcernedly, "I suppose we shall have to fight them," suddenly became spitefully hysterical and changed "them" into "those swine," twice in every sentence. From that day to the publication of Mr. McGill's book, "The Great Push," the other day, with its vivid quotations of the sort of language with which men work themselves up to bayonet charges, not a day has passed without the word swine being applied to Germans by Englishmen probably not less than a hundred thousand times; and no sensible person dreams of fussing about it, or doubting that it is applied quite as freely in Germany to our noble selves. Yet to the cloistered innocence of Mr. Cecil Chesterton the discovery that a German doctor used that ungentlemanly expression comes with a shock that moves him to describe it as "the climax of Prussian infamy," and to declare before God that if we do not avenge it we shall deserve it. Someday he will discover that a much less printable epithet is not only in common use as between the German and the British soldier, but as between one British or German soldier and another. And then I shall tremble for his sanity.

This is the extreme instance of the penalty Mr. Cecil Chesterton pays, partly for a genuine innocence, and partly for the intellectual misdemeanor of applying nursery morality to diplomacy and war. In this he is more Pacifist than the most fanatical of the Pacifists he denounces. In comparison, Mr. Clifford Allen is another Bombastes Furioso when the topic is the crime of making war and adding to the national territory by the sword. For doing so wicked a thing the Prussian must be stamped out of existence like a malignant cancer. The fighting creed and Will to Conquer that has come down from King Arthur's Round Table to Roberts and Butler in arms, and to the Chestertons in literature, the doctrine that all progress depends on the ruthless natural selection by which the strong exterminate the weak: a doctrine which we gave the world through Darwin and Wallace, and the British originality of which we so scornfully defend against Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi: all this is of the devil and his minister Frederick the Great, and must be utterly rooted up and cast into the furnace as the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, the one entirely damnable heresy.

But at this rate, what is to become of us, and of the French eagles, and of Russia with her Peter after whom Frederick seemed to us a protestant hero? Mr. Chesterton says, and repeats, that the Germans prepared for this war for two years beforehand. Well, we have the public assurance of our two responsible ministers, Churchill and Haldane, that our navy took the seas with five years' express accumulation of ammunition, and that Lord French was virtually appointed Commander-in-Chief for "der Tag" five years before 1914, and had been studying the terrain in Flanders all the time. I do not see how under the circumstances we could have done otherwise; but according to Mr. Cecil Chesterton, in his character of fanatic Pacifist, these proceedings convict us of being twice and a half as guilty as Prussia. There are no limits to his Pacifist horror of the incidents of war. The slaying of women and children by Zeppelin shells is murder: the bombardment of unfortified towns is sheer deviltry. Just before the Allied air raid on Karlsruhe, a British airman had the ill luck to drop a bomb into a group of children at play, with the results that may be imagined. The more ignorantly patriotic German journals wrote of this as if the British airman, to gratify a natural taste, common in England, for blowing little children to pieces, had swooped down; looked about him; seen the children; exclaimed gleefully, "Hurrah! Here's some kids: let's do them in"; and carefully stopped his machine about ten feet above them and dropped his bomb with precise aim in their midst. The perfectly well known facts that he must have been flying at a speed of nearly a hundred miles an hour, perhaps 12,000 feet up (to avoid Archibalds), and launched his bomb a quarter of a mile before he reached the town, had no effect on these writers. The still more obvious, because quite non-technical fact, that to kill a baby in a beleaguered city or blockaded country is to do it the military service of economizing its food and labor, and that if the Royal Flying Corps concerned itself with the infant problem at all it could only do so by tying live babies to parachutes and dropping them into German towns to create a run on milk tickets, went equally

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for nothing. The killing of the children was a horror; and we were beasts and fiends and Huns to do it. From the point of view of the Pacifist, there is no denying this. And that is just the view Mr. Cecil Chesterton takes. The killing of a child by a bomb launched from military aircraft is not to him war: it is murder; and the nation which commits it is a nation of devils. Mr. Clifford Allen will heartily agree. And that is certainly a way of looking at it: perhaps finally the right way of looking at it; but what then must be said of us, who are constantly doing these things (as I write I hear of our last exploit over Bruges), and gloating over descriptions of it under the heading "Gallant Feats by our Airmen. British Supremacy in the Air"? The desire to have it both ways—to be a Pacifist when a bomb drops in Fulham and a Jingo when it drops in Freiburg is as natural as it is naïve; but it is not political science. Mr. Cecil Chesterton's Pacifist feelings do him credit, as Mr. Clifford Allen's feelings do *him* credit; but Mr. Clifford Allen does not expect to have it both ways; and Mr. Cecil Chesterton does.

"The Germans guessed, and as it proved, rightly, that modern fortifications could not stand against modern siege artillery," says Mr. Cecil Chesterton. Precisely; and it follows that they knew that the whole success of their dash to Paris, and consequently the fate of the whole campaign, depended on their obliterating the forts of Liège at the first shot. Yet they arrived before Liège without siege guns; were held up before it by Leman for many days; and finally had to wait for Austrian guns. It was that delay, not the battle of the Marne, that left the Germans without a chance of ultimate victory. She should have been in Paris before she reached Brussels; and her famous intelligence department, with its fabulous network of spies, ended in her spending more days hesitating before Antwerp than she needed have taken minutes had she only known the truth as to the defense. Mr. Cecil Chesterton knows the Prussian program; but he has been so Pacifistically preoccupied with its warlike wickedness that he has failed to notice that it was a paper program, and that, when it came to the point, the boasted preparation and organization for it had simply not taken place: the whole thing was mere postprandial brag, war-game and club-fender gossip. We, on the other hand, were fairly well prepared to the extent of our pledge. The Belgians were prepared to the extent of their resources, and put up a very good fight. The collapse of the French at Namur has not yet been explained; but Joffre made no excuse of unpreparedness: he said bluntly, as a big man would, that the retreat was sheer military misconduct, and should not have occurred. It was the German preparedness that turned out pure romance. One cannot say she was wholly unprepared; for no country with compulsory service and a military aristocracy headed by a king whose chief amusement is playing at soldiers can answer to that description; but there is most certainly convincing evidence that the German general staff were as well acquainted with the writings of Bernhardi or von Buelow as Mr. Cecil Chesterton, or indeed acquainted with them at all. It seems to have known rather less about these writers than the British War Office knows about Mr. Belloc or Mr. Blatchford. "The Next War" which had been so often described over the walnuts and wine, with the salt-cellars for fortresses, was a wonderfully planned business; but no one who has followed the actual campaign without illusions will ever again suspect the German authorities of being a party to it. As to the silly forgery which appeared in the French Orange Book, and which Mr. Cecil Chesterton still quotes seriously, though no one else does, the French government did not make even a pretence that it was an authentic official document. Shapira's original manuscript of the Pentateuch was plausible in comparison.

The truth of this matter is that preparation for war is not humanly possible. It is no discredit to be prepared for war. All nations should be prepared for war. All houses should be protected by lightning conductors. Every man's will should be made and his soul ready to appear before the judgment seat at a moment's notice. And every convinced believer in vaccination should have himself revaccinated once a fortnight. But we don't do these things. Mr. Spenlow, who was so eloquent as to the positive wickedness of not making a will, died intestate; and all these terrible Iron Chancellors and Brass Tamburlaines with their shining armor and their mailed fists, who, when the Kaiser rushes into their bedroom and cries, "War is declared by (or against) Blankland," say "Third portfolio on the left," and go to sleep again, are humbugs like Mr. Spenlow. There are no portfolios, no timetables, no invasion routes marked out with "controls" like the Tourist Trophy motor-bicycle race. People write about such things as they write about Anarchist conspiracies or Jesuit plots, because they amuse the human imagination. But the plan does not go beyond ink and paper. Germany and Austria on the one hand, and England, France and Russia on the other ought to have been preparing elaborately during the last ten years for the present conflict. The least neglect was criminal; and their Maxses and Blatchfords and Robertses kept telling them so. Yet their preparation never went beyond such obvious steps as keeping level with one another in the matter of armaments, and arranging that if England looked after the North Sea France would look after the Mediterranean. General French, as we have seen, was supposed to be studying the ground in Flanders for five years. I should like to see a diary of his studies outside Brussels.

The importance of this lies in the entire hopelessness of all schemes of military preparation of the Bernhardian type. If we depend on defense programs and invasion timetables, on plaster Machiavellis and generals who gain a reputation, like the one in Mr. H. G. Wells's book, by presenting themselves to the nation in profile, we shall be led into paper adventures and real disasters like the Germans. Our business is to provide the conditions for improving an army at the shortest possible notice, and not fight until we have to. It is possible to trust in God, to keep your powder dry, and not to be in a hurry to bid the devil good morning. It is not possible to plan a conquest as if it were a Cook's tour. That way lies Moscow or the Marne.

There are two main facts to be grasped before any sensible criticism of the war can be delivered. The first is that the judgment of international relations by the ordinary morality of personal intercourse between fellow citizens in peace is as idle as taking the temperature of molten steel by a common bath thermometer. "The doctrine that great nations live only by aggression and expansion" may be called into question as between great nations and God; but to call it into question as between the British Empire, the French Republic, the Russian Empire, and the Central Empires is mere mud-slinging. The British nation has expanded by sheer aggression and extermination over North America, Australia, at least half the available part of Africa, and the whole of Egypt and India, whilst Germany is still clamoring for a place in the sun. The cry of "World power or downfall," as applied to the only form of physical domination that is practicable as world power,

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that is, command of the sea, is a British cry. Bernhardi's contention that Prussia must destroy the power of England or lose her own is exactly balanced by Mr. Cecil Chesterton's contention that England must destroy the power of Prussia or lose her own. We may say to Prussia, like the Shakespearian warrior, "For one or both of us the hour is come;" but we must not make ourselves ridiculous by claiming moral superiority to a line of conduct of which we have never ceased to boast that we set the example to the world. Mr. Chesterton himself, when he turns from abusing the Prussians to attacking the government, throws it in the teeth of our Cabinet ministers that they are not "bloody, bold, and resolute," crafty and unscrupulous, acquisitive and domineering in the old oligarchic fashion; and here I think he does the national spirit and instinct an injustice (however the nation's very inadequate mouthpieces may deserve his scorn); for never has the British Lion made so terrible a spring or chosen his moment and cut off the retreat of his prey with such consummate luck and cunning, as in this matter of striking down his German rival. Just consider it! Germany, placed morally in the wrong by her own initiative; Germany, hemmed in and besieged and blockaded by all the formidable Christian Powers of Europe; Germany, lured to attack whilst her navy was still incomplete and her alliances still unachieved; Germany, at such a discount that Italy deserts her, Rumania attacks her, and Viscount Grey is at least in a position to bully Sweden: is not all this a theme for the trumpet rather than the harmonium, for the shouting triumphant warrior rather than for the hypocrite concealing his copy of Machiavelli in the binding of a hymnbook? The Lion's Ambush will long be remembered as the culminating feat of the war like old England in the mastery of the warlike old world; and the epitaph of the warlike old Prussian will be, "She met her match in England."

Why should Mr. Chesterton be ashamed of it? That he should be afraid of it is significant; for "the glories of our blood and state are shadows, not substantial things"; and our turn will come too if we persist in the old bloody path that presently becomes a barren path and ends in destruction and in that "Ouf!" of relief which Napoleon said would be uttered by the world at his death. But we cannot extricate ourselves from it yet, nor, being in it for good or evil, refuse to fight. The Pacifist, as Mr. Cecil Chesterton points out, would wreck us without achieving his own millennium if he paralysed our army and broke our charge now; but that is so obvious to our commonsense that nobody obeys the Pacifist. The really dangerous person is the nursery moralist: to wit, Mr. Cecil Chesterton himself, who shrieks that because the Prussians put to the test of battle their rivals for the mastery of the world they are as dogs that delight to bark and bite "for 'tis their nature to." Not a word of all this pseudo-humanitarian moral snobbery can fail to recoil on our own heads, discouraging men who are doing the actual fighting in the field and know well that we also are scattering the living temples of the Holy Ghost in horrible ruin on the torn breast of their common mother. Even if war were no more than the rushing riot of swearing ruffians our newspapers exult in, no man actually carrying a bayonet in it would be so unsoldierly as to stab a German with a cry of, "I condemn you to death for attempted murder and improper language," instead of shouting the honest profanities and obscenities quoted by Mr. McGill, navvy, poet, and stretcher-bearer under fire.

The second fact to be kept steadily in view is that as fear is the most universal of emotions, and war raises fear beyond all self-respect in weak men as it raises valor above all self-respect in strong ones, every war produces a Reign of Terror in which the government must either rise to the occasion, or sit trembling on the front bench, a row of twopenny halfpenny Robespierres, not daring to rebuke the mob that will shriek for its blood at the next rumor of disaster. We civilians have made, it must be confessed, a very sorry exhibition of panic-stricken blackguardism since August, 1914. Forgetting in our spite and terror that the Germans hold hostages for all the prisoners we have taken, we have looted and persecuted, reviled and insulted and assaulted. We have meanly robbed poor women of their little savings: we have seized a man for going from one part of London to another to snatch a caress from his wife, and have punished him as we punish only the most savage hooligans. Editors of newspapers have printed dastardly letters demanding that German prisoners of war, when they die, shall not be buried as soldiers who have fought for their country, but thrown on the dungheap to rot "like dogs." We have denied the soldierly brotherhood of the grave to the men who braved and met the most terrible death our new battle methods have discovered, and Phaeton's death that hurls you from the skies and burns you in the fiercest flame before you strike the earth and are dashed to pieces. Our authorities have been actually afraid to bury them with military honors because of the ravings of a few rascals, two of whom attempted to insult the funeral, and were handled as they deserved to be by the crowd of decent English folk in whose existence our cadridden Cabinet will not believe. Why need Mr. Cecil Chesterton, by holding up the parallel infamies of German cowards as if they were peculiar to Prussia, force us in common justice to acknowledge that we too have such cowards among us?

Here, I think, Mr. Cecil Chesterton's innocence has again misled him. It is evident that he has been deeply moved by the horror of the atrocities which have been hawked about by the Terrorists. It is equally evident that he does not know the trick of atrocity mongering, which consists in trading on just such innocence as his. Take for example Lord Bryce's report of the atrocities in Belgium. The answer to the case founded on it for treating Germany as an exceptionally wicked nation is not that the atrocities did not occur. No doubt it may be said of some of them that there was no more pretence of serious evidence than of an impartial tribunal. But some of the worst of them carried conviction, even without evidence, because they were things that occur wherever two or three millions are gathered together, even in peace. Mr. Cecil Chesterton, perhaps Lord Bryce himself, has no suspicion of the normal atrocity rate as revealed by the cases at our assizes which could not possibly be reported in papers intended for family reading, and which cannot even be tried. It is only when a society is formed to check some specially pitiable form of cruelty, such as The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, that we get from its reports and appeals for subscriptions a blasting glimpse of what human nature is capable of at its vilest. If, as we have so often seen, any newspaper can get up a flagellomaniac garotting scare or a "white slave" epidemic by simply beginning to report all the police cases of robbery with violence and procuration that comes before our police courts, each of which in London deals with about eighty cases a day, of which only a few can possibly be reported even by papers still old-fashioned enough to make prominent copy out of such matter, we can just barely imagine (though I could not do so if I had not seen some of the records) what an indictment could be piled up against us by an industrious dirt hurting Prussian if he swept out our criminal records to prove that

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we were devils whose extermination was the most sacred duty of "God's German." It is impossible to go into details; and if it were possible I should not befoul the conscience of my readers uselessly by doing so. But I solemnly warn our patrons against the disgusting game of capping atrocities. There are abysses in every nation which should not be uncovered for the purpose of belittling other nations. Time enough for that when at last we make up our minds to clean them out among ourselves.

As to the deliberate *Schrecklichkeit* of the Germans in Belgium, here again no man should judge unless he knows the military history of all invasions, and of that very British institution, the punitive expedition. It may be that before the end of this war our armies will be on German soil, surrounded by a population to whom the killing of a British or Allied soldier will be, not a murder, but an act of faith and patriotism. The laws of Germany will not protect us from the sniper or the incendiary. What will protect us will be *Schrecklichkeit* and nothing but *Schrecklichkeit*. We can only hope that the fate of Belgium, as it has intimidated Greece, will intimidate Germany too, and so save any British general from being forced to such measures as Roberts had to take in Afghanistan and South Africa. It is useless shrieking at the wickedness of such things. Mr. H. G. Wells, one of the most intelligent and cultivated men in England, was so carried away by the thought of an invasion of his country, that he declared that if it occurred, every German should be killed at sight like vermin. If Mr. Wells was capable of that (and which of us has not felt capable of it at moments?) are we to believe that the Belgian of the Luxemburg border, including some of the roughest and rudest laborers in Europe, all understood that they must be polite and friendly to the Germans, and that they all behaved in a perfectly orderly manner accordingly? No sane Englishman could believe such a thing even if he had Von Bissing's own word for it, unless he were utterly ignorant of the inevitable and invariable conditions of invasion.

Mr. Cecil Chesterton, if he is to be of any real use to his country during the war (and nobody wields a more capable pen) must clear his mind once for all of the notion that the German is any worse than any other man; that Frederick was worse than Peter or Louis XIV; that the long years of manoeuvring for the inside grip between the two giant wrestlers of the Central Empires and the Einkreisung were a mere stalking of the British sheep by the Prussian wolf; and that the utmost abuse of victory (and if there is any victory it will perforce be abused to the utmost: Mr. Chesterton need have no fears on that score) can Roman-Catholicize Lutheran Germany and make Franz Josef Holy Roman Emperor, either as "a frightful punishment" or the vindication of "a certain historical veneration": between which two views Mr. Cecil Chesterton oscillates from chapter to chapter. He must not say that "the first condition of justice is the punishment of crime"; for the first condition of justice is the getting rid wholly of the idea of punishment. He must not talk of retaining Bayreuth and Weimar, Dresden and Munich, as "oases of tolerated barbarism." He must not ask, "What declaration can the Great Powers sign which shall be more specific and binding than the declaration by which Prussia bound herself to repect the neutrality of Belgium?" because the instant answer, for which we need not go to Mr. Morel, is the more recent and very much more specific treaty by which the Great Powers bound themselves to maintain by the sword the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and which they all, including ourselves, violated so much as a matter of course that they were hardly conscious of doing it. He must not say that "there is no such thing in war as stalemate"; for it would be much nearer the truth, if still not exactly true, that war hardly ever achieves anything else but stalemate; so that though the battles of history seem as the sands of the sea without number, books are written on "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," reminding us, among other things, that the decisive battle, as at Pharsalia, is sometimes the victory of the apparently beaten side over the apparently victorious one. He must not deny Lord Northcliffe and the *Times* the credit of their tremendous score over Kitchener and the shortage of shells, on the wildly ridiculous ground that Lord Northcliffe had private reasons to know that he was right. Why deny a patent success? When the *Times* made its attack, we were short of shells and Kitchener was generalissimo. The end of it was that Kitchener was completely superseded except for shop-window purposes (not altogether justly; for though he failed as an organizer and as a soldier, he had an Irish eye for facts, and knew when things had to be done even when he did not know how to do them); and we were able to amaze the Germans by the prodigality of the Allied artillery on the Meuse and Somme. In the face of these glaring facts it is childish to keep on explaining that the *Times* was only echoing what the experts knew already. Of course it was: that is the business of a newspaper. What does the *New Witness* do but echo what Mr. Belloc has already found out? And with the hopeless attack on Lord Northcliffe must go the equally hopeless one on Mr. Lloyd George as "George, the servant of Northcliffe." We were short of shells; and Mr. Lloyd George, being made Minister of Munitions with the support of the *Times*, has managed to deliver the goods. We no longer hear of beleaguered British trenches sending de-

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spairing appeals to our batteries for aid, and being told, "We can spare you just one round." The amenability of a statesman to popular pressure, of which newspaper pressure is one form (however delusive), is hardly a matter for an editor to reproach him with: Mr. Chesterton would not complain if the public houses were allowed to revert to their ante-war hours under the pressure of the articles in the *New Witness* denouncing the existing arrangements. The most brilliant fencer will lose our sympathy if he will not admit palpable hits; and there are moments when even people who would die rather than read the *Daily Mail* must feel inclined to tell Mr. Cecil Chesterton to stow it when for the fiftieth time he tries to work up the extremely commonplace relations of Mr. Lloyd George to Lord Northcliffe, and of the *Daily Mail* sub-editor to popular taste in headlines, into a conspiracy to subvert the realm and sue for mercy to the Kaiser. The only effect is to weaken the force of his quite justifiable attacks on our impudent political jobbery and corruption, which, however, are impudent because they are so abominably goodnatured, our statesmen being all like bad dentists, too amiable to hurt each other even when what they are sparing is malignant disease.

From the things that Mr. Chesterton must not say let us turn to the facts that he must face. First, the fact that nothing has happened in this war as yet that should make any man who knows what war means turn a hair. Atrocities in Belgium, pogroms in Galicia, Lusitania sinkings, bombs falling like the rain on the just and on the unjust, the old and the young, the male and the female, Lille deportations, shootings of Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt and Sheehy Skeffington and the Baralong crew, the Wittenburg funk and the Ruhleben food, starvation blockades, violations of neutrality and tearing up of scraps of paper, poison gas and liquid fire and Juggernaut tanks: none of these raise any new moral question nor throw any new light on what human nature is capable of or on what war involves. If you go to war, you engage yourself not only to fight, but not to squeal. The Germans are out to shake our nerves; and the symptom of such shaking is squealing. Well, nobody can deny that the Germans have succeeded in shaking our civilian nerve, to an extent very disgraceful to us. We have squealed shamelessly. The submarine and Zeppelin campaigns have been enormously encouraged by our squealing. If a member of the German General Staff shook his head over their slender physical results, and asked was it worth while to spend so much and run such risks for so trifling a bag, the reply must have been, "Never mind the bag: read the English newspapers. Read the *New Witness,* written, not by twopenny-halfpenny journalists, but by some of the ablest writers in England; and see how it squeals. We are frightening them: their shrieks for revenge will presently become shrieks at their government for peace at any price." How infinitely more prudent as well as more becoming was the wreath sent by our Royal Flying Corps to the grave of Immelmann, whom our squealing civilians would have buried at the crossroads with a stake driven through his body. We have had no statesmen capable of telling the squealers authoritatively that they must behave themselves: our front-benchers, headed by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, have led the squealing and vituperation themselves. We must therefore find our own salvation and pull ourselves together. It may not be easy for sentimental, half baked people; but it has to be done. For that matter, it is not easy for me, an Irishman, not to squeal over the exploits of General Maxwell, and the shocking persecution of the innocent women left dependent by the executions of Conolly and Roger Casement. But I do not spit foul epithets at Mr. Chesterton and scream for the extermination of the British race. And as I certainly do not feel less strongly about Ireland than the squealers do about England, I conclude that if I can behave myself, they can; and I call on them to do a gentleman's duty in that matter, and build up their effectiveness with their emotions instead of, as Mr. Wells puts it, flapping their mouths on Germany, to her great gratification and encouragement.

The other fact to be faced is that non-German Europe is not going to spend the remainder of the duration of this planet sitting on Germany's head. A head with the brains of sixty millions of people in it takes more sitting on than we shall have time for. What we really ought to consider is what is to become of the Alliance when the pressure under which it was riveted is removed. That pressure was the fear of Germany ("Fear is the mainspring of war"); and we have already shown that the German terror was a scarecrow. Nobody now supposes that Germany can steamroll Europe, or that it was ever worth her while to try. The day after the peace we shall be more afraid of Russia than of Germany; and all Europe will be more afraid of us than of any other single Power. France will for the first time have a very keen sense that we cannot afford to quarrel with her, and that her fleet, which counted for something in our command of the sea, hitherto eclipsed by the military German bugaboo, will shine out before the world as a menace to the rest of the world of precisely the same character as the German army was two years ago. Our victory, or at worst our demonstration that a German victory is impossible, will knock the linchpin out of the Allied applecart and the strained embrace in which the Tommy, the Poilu, and the Cossack are now enlaced will relax with a very perceptible lowering of the temperature of the three pairs of shoulders. The French tariffs will gall whilst the French navy grows; and the rugged Russian bear will, from his new vantage grounds of Persia and Poland and Constantinople, overshadow regions which, within my lifetime and even Mr. Chesterton's we would have fought for to our last penny sooner than have left them under Russia's influence or that of Japan, much less of the two in alliance. I was ridiculed in my youth for saying that the Balance of Power was still as live an issue as ever. Well, nobody ridicules me for uttering that platitude now; yet some of us imagine that we can suddenly take the enormous weight of Germany out of the scales and replace it by a burning feather without bringing down the opposite scale with a crash that may jerk half the weights out of it. Our transient rages and spites and quarrelings and vendettas have no place in the diplomacy of such balancings. They are useful only as whisky is useful to a soldier who runs short of British pluck and has to eke it out with Dutch courage. Still less have they any place in the diplomacy which alone can supersede the diplomacy of military power-balancing. Supernational law, when it comes, will not be a respecter of nations; nor will it act on Mr. Cecil Chesterton's proposal to establish a class of feeble-minded professional-criminal nations with curtailed rights as an excuse for plundering and disabling Germany.

Failing the establishment of supernational law, the Powers will have to fall back on alliances as before; for the days of single combat between the great Powers are over. And in the bidding for allies the balance of power will more and more lie with the United States, because they now form the only single political unit of the first magnitude that is completely self-sufficient. England will want an alliance with America; and Germany will have to choose between the west and the east. It will be vital to England's interest that Germany should not choose the east; and the only way

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to prevent her will be to let her into a western alliance. Now the exclusion of France from an Anglo-German-American combination would suit neither France nor the combination; and thus we may get what we should have played for all along: an irresistible magnetic nucleus for western civilization consisting of an allied France, Germany, Britain, and North America. Such a combination would almost instantly accrete the Netherlands and Scandinavia. As compared to it a combination of Japan, Russia, Italy, France and England is a desperate and unnatural adventure in wanton heterogeneity; and nothing but the sense of an overwhelming danger from Germany keeps it together to-day. Mr. Cecil Chesterton, in clamoring for the utter destruction of that danger, is also clamoring for the inevitable break-up of the combination it has called into being and held together. The more he studies the combinations that are likely to succeed it, the more he will appreciate the wisdom of the old political precept, "Treat your friend as one who may some day be your enemy, and your enemy as one who may some day be your friend."

G. B. S.

Teuton versus Slav

The Slavs of the War Zone, by W. F. Bailey, C. B. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

IT is idle to wonder if the tone and emphasis of Mr. Bailey's book would not have been different, had the war not come. The author has had judicial training as one of the Land Commissioners in Ireland. Probably simple fairness would have forced him to contrast the security of life and property in Bosnia and Herzegovina under the rule of the Dual Monarchy with the former period of semi-anarchy. The miracles of economic and legal organization brought about by Austria-Hungary in the "patch-quilt Empire" would hardly have been deliberately ignored. Some of the less amiable characteristics of the Serbians would have been described with painful distinctness. But in wartime the chief demand from an author is passionate partisanship, and "The Slavs of the War Zone" is as pro-Allies in feeling and mood as the rasher speeches of Winston Churchill or Lloyd George. The picture is of an endless stream of human life stretching from Prague in Bohemia eastward through Galicia to Russia and from Budapest southward and southwestward through Slavonia and Bosnia to Belgrade—a stream of human life, kindred in blood, mystical and proud, and fretting under the extensive domination of the Teuton. The Slav races are the Russians, the Poles, the Ruthenes, the Czechs, the Slovaks, the Slovenes, the Croats, the Serbians and the Bulgarians. (In the present war, the Bulgarians, of course, are considered traitors to their brother blood.) These peoples interpenetrate the farthest corners of the Empire of Franz Joseph; they dream of a glorious past and long for a more glorious future. Their secret wish is for a great Slav nationality and they look upon the Teutons as their oppressors. It is a dramatic picture of the conquerors and the conquered.

I believe this is a somewhat foreshortened and falsified depiction of the reality. Yet it is a picture which under Mr. Bailey's arrangement of description and episode gets a swinging vigor and authenticity. The Virgin of Czenstochowa—a battered and legendary painting in a humble chapel—is shown as the shrine of all the faithful in Poland and the pilgrimage of all the devout. When the Germans come they take the picture to Berlin and sell penny post-

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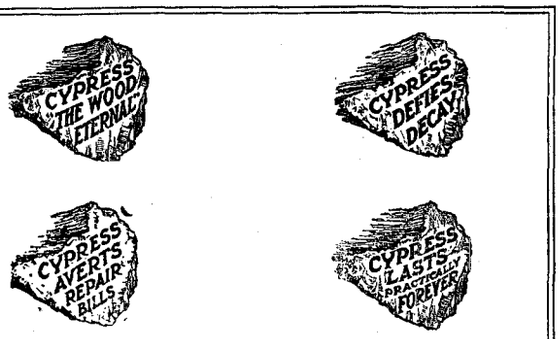
cards of "The Heart of the Heart of Poland" on the streets of the capital; a sturdy military Kaiser is put over the altar in its place! But Mr. Bailey does not comment dispassionately on this bit of typical German stupidity. He is over-lavish with his sympathy for the "sacred horror" of the Polish peasant. Russia is a mother compared to this —in fact, Russia comes out exceedingly well in Mr. Bailey's volume.

In Prague, again, the Bohemians and Czechs are described as a mystical race learning the trick of commercial efficiency and industrial organization only to defeat the Germans at their own game and drive them from the land by the normal processes of business competition. The gay Vienna sings and dances happily in the Austrian and upper-class quarter, while the miserable Vienna sulks and silently revolts in the Slavic quarters of the filthy tenement districts of the workingman. The picture of the "native" Sarajevo on the day of the murder is the picture of a silent, resentful populace, refusing to hang out a single flag in honor of the imperial visitor.

But the final horror is reserved for Serbia. There is a gay and vivid description of a Serbian Christmas. A few chapters later comes "A Nation in Retreat," with ghastly silhouettes of murder and starvation and spiritual agony from which the mind recoils. "There is no food in this village, there was no food in the last village, there is no food in any village, nor anywhere in the whole land; nor is there rest, nor is there mercy, nor is there justice, nor is there hope, nor is there help. Can it be there is no God?"

This may not be the mood which makes a book impartial, but it often does make a book moving. "The Slavs of the War Zone" has the touch of eloquence which comes from an undercurrent of anger. Yet discount the very human bias of the author and the result is still creditable—a picture of a complex subject which is accurate, informative, vivid.



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